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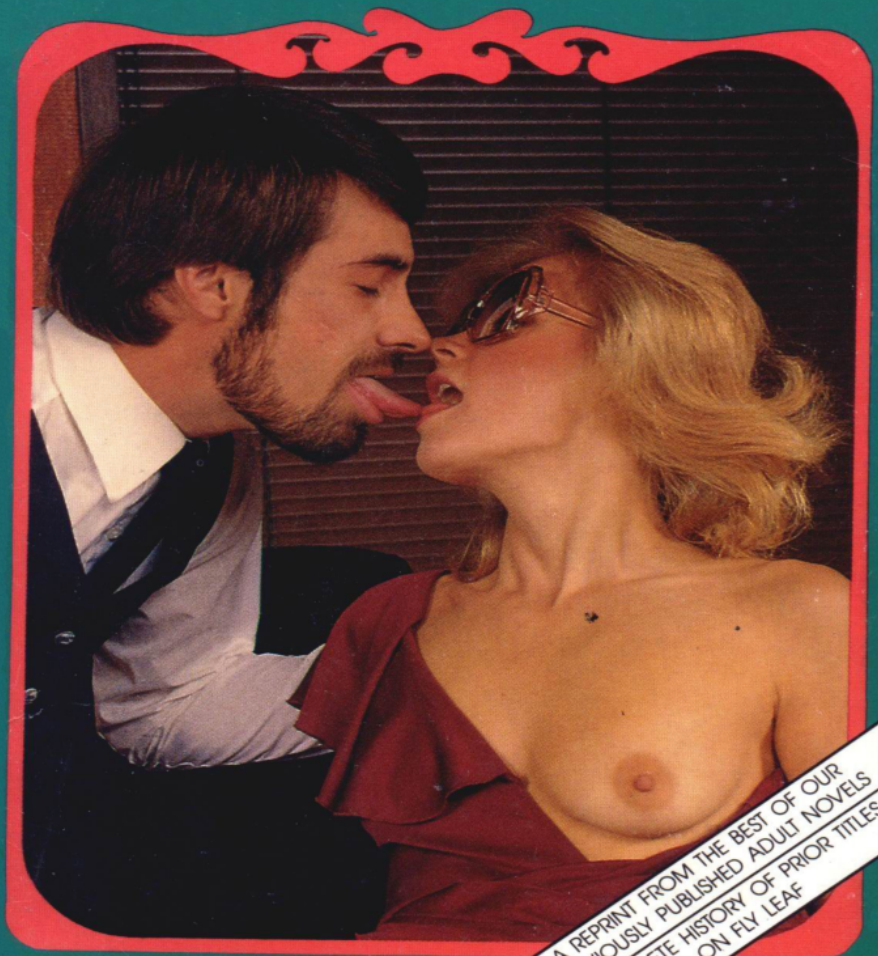
ANAL SECRETARIES

by Richard B. Long



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ANAL SECRETARIES by Richard B. Long

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IT

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Richard B. Long

Anal Secretaries

WKG-0184

INTRODUCTION

"Every time we got together, Mr. Harvey and me, he would ask me if I wanted to go over to his house to have our fun. For a while I wouldn't go; I just couldn't bring myself to do those things with him while his wife was looking on. Finally he convinced me by showing me some pictures someone had made. He was lying on a bed and some really gorgeous blonde chick was going own on him.

Right next to him was his wife-I knew her when I saw her-and she had her mouth full of cock! After that I believed him when he said that they weren't hung up about doing things like that and so I said that I'd go along with him. We set it up for the next Saturday and that was that.

When I got there, Amy herself met me at the door. She was wearing a negligee that really showed off her body like the movies do, and she had a hell of a body to show off, and you could see that she was really turned on by it all.

"Come on in," she told me, holding the door open. "We're back in the bedroom getting ready. I'm sure you'll have a wonderful time. You mustn't feel self-conscious or anything. Just relax, make yourself comfortable and enjoy it."

"What can you say to that? I mean, I'd come there to ball her husband and she rolls out the red carpet! Jeez, that's some kind of hospitality! I headed off in the direction she pointed out and she said she'd be along in a• minute. I went on down the hallway and turned into the bedroom she'd mentioned. He was there, lying on top of the covers with his cock spread out across his tummy like a gigantic snake. I stepped into the room and, just seeing him like that, it made me queasy all over.

"Come on in," he told me. "Amy will be back in a few minutes. Why don't you take your clothes off and join me?"

"I couldn't have done anything but take off my clothes, once he'd asked me to.

It was like I was some kind of robot, programmed to do everything he suggested.

If someone had said to me beforehand that I'd be undressing in front of a man when his wife was somewhere in the-house, about to come into the same room with us, I'd have said he was -out of his gourd. But here: I was doing it! I peeled and.when I was absolutely

bare I was already so hot I could barely stand.

"You're really beautiful!" I heard Amy say.

She'd slipped into the room and I hadn't even heard her! "Yes, you're really something!"

"If that wasn't something, standing there stark naked and both of them looking me over! I know, I've got a pretty good body and my breasts, especially, are good-they really stand out, you know, and when I get turned on they're just as firm as can be-so I knew they weren't putting me on, they really meant what they said.

"Go over to him," Amy said to me. "Take his cock in your mouth-he likes to be sucked."

"I knew that and I also knew that I liked going down on him. His cock was so big I could hardly get it in my mouth and I could never get more than halfway down on it, it's so long. But I just love trying. She watched me eat him for a minute and then she said for me to get over him so he could lick my pussy too.

I turned around and did it. She moved so that she could see my pussy and she really, raved about It. I could see out of the corner of my eye that she was fingering her own twat while she was watching. She's the sort who just loves rubbing the lips of her pussy together while she's watching something really sexy.

"He sucked me off and it was just fine! I was so steamed up, of course, that I popped off nearly as soon as he touched me with his tongue. All it took was Just a couple of little flicks up and down the slit and I was gone, just creaming like I'd never done it before. That was part of their plan, I later figured out: to make me have a real quick one so I'd get over being uptight while they were both on the bed with me. It worked. As soon as I'd recovered a little from that come, I felt a lot more at ease with them, and I didn't feel so ashamed any more.

"There's nothing like a good climax to take away a person's self consciousness," Amy told me. "When you've come like that in front of your friends, there's no reason to hold back anything any longer!"

"You're right," I had to admit. "You've seen me come, and that really breaks the ice, I guess."

"She was still fingering herself, slow and easy, and I could see that she was really turned on by it all. Her fingers were dripping wet from the pussy drip she'd turned out and the lips- great, thick flaps of meat that looked like they'd really be sensitive-were just covered with that clear oil a woman produces when she's really up for screwing or something.

"Could I ask you something personal?" she said, getting up on her knees, but still keeping that one hand in place. "I've never felt a cherry. Would you mind if I felt yours? Please?"

"If you want to," I said.

"He was still under me, of course, and he opened me up with his hands, pulling the lips of my pussy apart and making it easier for her to run a finger into the mouth of my cunt. She felt around and -when she was satisfied she pulled her finger out, and then she licked it off! Man that was really something, looking 'at her lick her own finger after she'd had it in my cunt! That really got to me! Then she wanted me to turn around and get over him so I could rub the head of his dick over my pussy.

"You don't have to worry about him coming," she said. "But I guess you already know that be holds off his come as long as he wants to. Why don't you try getting over him and running just the head of his cock into the mouth of your cunt? Not enough to burst that precious cherry, of course, just enough to give yourself a good feeling? I love seeing his prick nosing into a sweet, hot pussy!"

"What a weird idea! I got turned on just hearing her say it. I didn't want to do it, because I was afraid that, once I'd gotten that far, I'd lose control and let myself go down on him too far, and then I'd pop my own cherry! They had an answer for that, though. They got me on my back and be got over me. He knew he wasn't likely to ram it in thoughtlessly and split me. Besides, they had me hold my legs way up high, almost up beside my head, and, once I'd gotten into that position I could hardly move at all. Re got over me and let me tell you, that was – great! Feeling him touch that big, hard, hot cock to my pussy was just wonderful! And when he opened my cunt up with it, running it down just far enough to touch the cherry, I was out of my head, it was so flicking good! I got another come, of course, and they seemed to enjoy it a lot, being there and helping me get those climaxes, one after the other. He was getting horny too and he said he was going to have to let go with a come himself.

"Give it to me!" she said, scooting around so she could get her head in between his tummy and mine. "Fuck her till you're almost there and then jack off in my mouth!"

"Jeez, what a wild pair they were! You know, seeing him at school you'd never think he was such a cunt hound. And Amy, she usually seemed pretty mild too.

But let me tell you, once they got into the bedroom they were totally different! Can you imagine, a wife making her husband do a thing like that? I know some pretty hat chicks at school and some of the guys bad a reputation for being far out, though I didn't really believe that, but this pair was just out of sight! I'm damned if they didn't do just what she said-he worked his prick around in the mouth of my cunt till I was almost coming again and then, when he'd gotten it thoroughly soaked in my pussy drip, he jerked it out and started

fucking himself with his fist! Amy leaned right in there and I guess she got her ‘lips over the head of his dick. I couldn’t see because her head was in the way. I could see, though, that she was doing it to herself again with her hand.

Finally he let out a groan and started to come.

“Suck! Suck that come out of my cock!” he told her. “Eat my prick! Drain my balls! I’ll fill you full of come!”

“She didn’t say anything, of course. How could she, with a mouthful of bard, spewing prick? I could tell that she was digging it, though, and her hand was really working on her pussy. She groaned out loud and I guess she started to come too while she was eating him. It sure looked and sounded that way. Damn, that was sexy! Lying there with him still between my legs and my pussy jumping around till I thought it might fall right off, and her sucking him like mad while she was fingering her own box! All of it together was just too much! “They’d only started, though. He’s a horny bastard and when he wants to he can go on for hours and hours. She’s the same way, I think they could play fuck and suck for hours or days at a time. When she took her mouth off his cock, I could see a little dribble of his come edge down from the corner of her mouth. He’d really shot a load into her. His prick was still as hard as a rock and I just knew that they were going to have some interesting ideas to try with me.

“I sure wasn’t wrong about that! It seemed as though that first come just whetted their appetites all the more and they really got started in on me. Amy called the shots. She seemed to have a thing about wanting to see him doing all kinds of things to me. She had him lie on his back and then had me get over him so I could rub the lips of my pussy all over his balls, up and down the stem of his cock and just everywhere. That was real good and it made me horny all over again. Then she had me put my legs together with his prick between them, so it stuck out between the cheeks of my ass, and that was even better. It seemed to me that this was almost like fucking, except that he wasn’t in me, of course, but I really liked lying next to him and feeling his body pressed up tight against mine.

“I’m crazy about this,” I said. “I just wish there were some way I could do this and have you in my mouth. I’d like to feel you inside me, shooting come thick and strong!”

“There’s a way you can have that feeling,” she said, giving me a big grin and patting me on the rump. “It’s every bit as good as a real fuck in the cunt and you don’t have to worry about getting pregnant or losing your cherry or anything like that. You can let him fuck you in the ass!”

“Wow! What a crazy idea! It literally took my breath away, it was so far out.

As soon as I heard it I knew I had to try it. But taking that cock of his up my ass? I'd never tried putting anything in my rear but I had an idea it was pretty tight. Amy could see that I was a little worried and she told me that it was perfectly all right, that lots of women did it that way all the time and that it would be great.

"In fact, I'll show you that it can be done," she said, rolling over onto her back and spreading her legs out wide. "Would you be a dear, Terri, and put his cock in my cunt? We'll get him greased up good and then you can guide him into my ass. That'll be a groove. You'll dig it."

"Of course I did just what she said. Man that was something else. Getting hold of his rod and holding it so it went in between the lips of her pussy! She let out a long, low sigh when he rammed it home, the, sort of sound that really lets you know she's enjoying it. And then he worked it back and forth a little to get it real juicy. When he pulled it out I just had to reach in and taste it. Once I'd seen her do' it to him that way I was wild to try it, and so I did. They didn't mind. In fact, they sort of liked it, even if I did have to put him back into her cunt after I'd licked him clean. That was great, going down on him while he was fresh from her cunt, hot and wet with that juice she turned out! And the next time he pulled it out I was ready to move it down. She swung her legs way up high till she had her ankles on his shoulder. That brought her butt right up level with his prick almost and I just aimed that rod straight into her brownie. Her asshole didn't look any looser than mine but I guess they'd used it enough to loosen it up because he went into her just like a hot knife into butter! "Once they'd convinced me that they were as-serious about my getting fucked in the ass I was really ready for it. Amy showed me how to do it, how to lie in the way that would let him' get in easiest and then she aimed it into him herself. She greased him up with some kind of goo from a little tube in her bedside table. She -told me that I mustn't ever let a guy switch his cock from my ass," or anyone else's, to my cunt because that's a good way to -get an itchy, drippy cunt. And then he just leaned on me. Man, I was sure he'd ruined me when I felt his cock stretch my asshole and then plow into me. It felt as though he'd just ripped me apart and I let out a howl that told them plenty about how I was feeling.

"Just relax," Amy told me. "He hasn't hurt you in any way. The discomfort will soon pass and you'll want him to drive that prick all the way home! Concentrate on relaxing your rear."

"My God she's tight!" he grunted. "But she's taking it. She was born for this kind of action!"

"I guess he was right because it wasn't any time till I'd forgotten all about the way my ass, was hurting. All I could think of was that I was – getting fucked. This wonderful man was giving me all of his

lovely, wonderful prick.

And I wanted every inch of it, all the way inside my body! I locked my feet together, around his back, and then he started working it into my ass. God, every stroke was like heaven to me! I could feel every bump, every wrinkle on his prick and that big, flaring rim around the head drove me nuts when he worked it in and out. Anal sexuality is a relatively rare form of sexual activity, a fact which leads to a misunderstanding of it. Alfred C. Kinsey and his associates, while compiling the research data for their' massive study, Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, found so few cases that they did not report it as a separate form of sexual outlet. In addition to the rarity of the act, anal sex is overlaid with legal; moral and religious taboos inherited from an earlier age, which conspire to keep the subject hidden behind a curtain of misunderstanding and misapprehension. Anal sexuality is, of course, a favorite mode of sexual activity among male homosexuals but relatively few people seem to realize that the anus can enter into sex play between partners of opposite sexes. Our concern here will be primarily with heterosexual anal activity, though one case reported in this book concerns a male homosexual who relies entirely' upon anal intercourse for his pleasure. We believe that a factual reporting of these cases may help to clear up some of the misunderstanding concerning anal sexuality. It may come as a surprise to some to learn that the anus can be utilized satisfactorily in sexual activity. This should not be, since: "The anal area is erotically responsive in some individuals. In others it appears to have no particular erotic significance even though it may be highly sensitive to tactile stimulation. As many as half or more of the population may find some degree of erotic satisfaction in anal stimulation, but good incidence data are not available.' There are some females and males who may be as aroused erotically by anal stimulation as they are by stimulation of the genitalia, or who may be more intensely aroused." (Kinsey, Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, p. 585.) Given the ingenuity of human beings and the strength of the average sex drive, we can perhaps better understand how at least some individuals have come to capitalize on the sexual potential of the anus.

The anonymous author of The Sensuous Woman, a recent best seller, admits that anal sex may at first be difficult to imagine, due to the taboos and superstitions surrounding the act, but she goes on to point out that "once you have let your sphincter muscle relax, you will find yourself enjoying some quite remarkable sensations and, if you encourage your partner to play with your clitoris while he is making anal love to you, you are capable of having quite an orgasm. He may choose to come to climax at this time or withdraw and finish the lovemaking vaginally. Either way is very nice." (The Sensuous

Woman, p. 130.) She also points out that “Anal sex opens up to you a whole new area of pleasurable sensations to be relished by you and used to increase your personal sexual satisfaction.” (Ibid., p. 131.) Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld, M. D., author of a syndicated column of medical advice And known for his readiness to give straightforward answers to unorthodox questions, noted a wide interest among his readers in anal sexuality. The nature of Dr. Schoenfeld’s column is such that it would probably cater to the younger generation -he writes under the pen name of “Dr. Hip Pocrates”-and this interest may indicate that the young are more curious about anal sex than was their parents’ generation. This is to be expected. If anal sexuality is tabooed by society, and if the young feel a strong need to flaunt society’s rules, the taboo against sodomy would be a likely candidate for violation. In answering several questions about the feasibility and safety of anal sexual intercourse, he came to the cautious and tentative conclusion that the practice seemed medically permissible if performed in moderation. (Schoenfeld, Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates, pp. 6-8.) There is a widely held fear that indulgence in anal sexual intercourse will result in physical damage to the individual being sodomized. Hemorrhoids, for example, are commonly held to be a direct consequence of this act, though there is not enough medical evidence to support such a claim. Many individuals suffering from hemorrhoids have never experienced any kind of anal sex play and many practicing male homosexuals, devoted to anal sex, exhibit no hemorrhoids.

A person with an exceptionally large penis could conceivably wreak some physical damage upon his partner, but this is not likely. More often, the damage would be preceded by enough pain that the subject would call a halt to the proceedings rather than go on. Of course, these observations do not apply to the introduction of foreign, non-human objects in the anal opening. The author of a tremendously successful guide to sexual knowledge reports that “some of the more routine items that find their way into the gastrointestinal systems of homosexuals via the exit are pens, pencils, lipsticks, combs, pop bottles, ladies’ electric shavers, and enough other items to stock a small department store.” (David Reuben, M. D., Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, p. 149.) We shall not be concerned here with the moral or religious arguments against anal sexual intercourse. Those arguments are real and convincing to many people, empty and false to others, and it seems profitless to try reconciling the varying extremes of opinion. Our purpose is, first, to provide information about what anal sexuality is and, second, to explain its physical and psychological appeal insofar as this is possible. Moral judgments will be left to the reader.

It is not necessarily a sign of a depraved, warped mentality to

respond positively to stimulation of the anal area. The human nervous system is constructed in such a way that there is a plentiful supply of nerve endings in the anal region, especially on its surface. Thus the anus and the area immediately around it can easily be stimulated through touch. The anal sphincter muscles, which are designed primarily to keep the anal tract closed tight, can react to stimulation in a way that is erotically arousing to many people. Thus, a response to a partner's loving touch in the anal region may simply be recognition of the physical facts of life: the touch is arousing and it does produce a positive erotic reaction.

In some people, to be sure, the taboos against any kind of anal sexual activity are sufficiently strong that these stimuli result in a negative reaction. In these cases, it seems clear the individual is applying a learned form of behavior to his physical reactions and is negatively stimulated. The sensations which arouse excitement and a desire to continue the stimulation can produce either a violent revulsion or a strong inclination to repeat the Stimulus, depending upon the training of the individual concerned.

To make the situation even more complex, we must also recognize that in many individuals the "forbidden acts" are even more arousing and exciting than those which are sanctioned by society. Moralists may be depressed by the fact that they can sometimes respond so energetically to violations of their own moral code, but the fact remains: there is sometimes more real excitement in violating social codes than in upholding and observing them.

As the foregoing discussion suggests, anal sex can provide real physical stimulation and also a form of psychological stimulation. These stimuli are not mutually exclusive, of course. They can easily be combined in the same individual. Anal sexuality, to use modern vernacular, "has a lot going for it."

This being the case, we ought not to be surprised to find that a considerable number of people make use of the arousal potential of this form of sexual activity. While that number might not bulk especially large in the total population of the United States, even a minuscule percentage can equal a sizable body of people. Devotion to the anus, as a mode of achieving sexual satisfaction, is by no means a monopoly of the male homosexual, as some would have us believe.

Occasionally one finds women who greatly prefer anal intercourse to any other kind of sex play. Such was the case with Linda G-, who wrote, "Anal intercourse is, for me, a far more satisfactory means of obtaining multiple orgasms than vaginal intercourse and I have been enjoying the former act for nearly fifteen years, averaging no less than three times weekly. There have been no signs of hemorrhoids, no irregularity, and since the first few times I experienced no pain. There

is considerable pleasure for me during the act, and after the emission of semen I enjoy a five or ten minute period of utter serenity." (Schoenfeld, Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates,) In exceptional cases, anal intercourse may be combined with more orthodox forms of sexual activity, as the following letter indicates: "Recently my husband and I have submitted to "double-screwing," i.e., one penis in my vagina and a second in my rectum simultaneously. It isn't easy to do, but when it is I am transported into another world! For me to reach climax half a dozen times is not unusual and each orgasm is more gratifying than the one preceding it." (Quoted in ibid., pp. 7-8.) In these cases, one feels sure, at least part of the pleasure reported stems from the fact that the subject is participating in a "forbidden act," violating a deeply held social taboo. There are very few women in whom the vagina and the adjacent organs, together with the nerve endings which provide the physical stimulation needed for sexual arousal, are atrophied or dysfunctional. That is, there is seldom any clear physiological reason why the anus should be preferred to the vagina as a receptacle for the penis. The preference is far more likely to be due to psychological peculiarities of the particular individual.

In virtually every case history that we can find, the subject reports that first attempts at performing anal sexual intercourse were accompanied with at least a moderate amount of pain. Whether the individual was male or female, they found that a penis could not be inserted into the rectum with ease. The female subjects investigated were almost unanimous in agreeing that the first attempts at sodomy were more painful than the first attempts at performing vaginal intercourse. Many of the women agreed that practice worked wonders in easing the penis's entrance but this is not the point we wish to make. The reader should realize that pain can sometimes be a stimulant and, in the case of some individuals, a powerful spur toward more complete sexual arousal.

Masochism, the ability to become sexually aroused through experiencing pain, would appear to explain the fascination anal sexual intercourse has for certain women. "Some women," remarks a widely respected authority in the field, "enjoy being subjected to sodomrntic practices because of their strong masochistic component." (Caprio, Variations in Sexual Behavior, p. 268.) We can hardly end this discussion of anal sexuality without commenting on the legal aspects of the act. It should be clearly understood by every reader that, in most states, anal sexual intercourse is illegal. We can do no better, when considering this question, than to quote from a widely respected authority on sexual behavior: "In most states the sodomy acts are so worded that they would apply to mouth-genital contacts and to anal coitus between married persons, as well as to both heterosexual and

homosexual relations outside marriage. Few people are aware that the sodomy acts can be extended to married partners. The penalties for such acts may in some jurisdictions be exceeded only by the penalties for murder, kidnapping and rape. There are court statements on the applicability of these sodomy statutes, and one case even goes ‘so far as to uphold the conviction of a man for soliciting his ‘wife to commit sodomy. We have cases of persons who were convicted because one of the spouses objected, or because some other person became aware that oral or anal play had been included in the marital activities. There are, however, few prosecutions under these laws, but as long as they remain on the books, they are subject to capricious enforcement and become tools for blackmailers.” (Kinsey, Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, p. 370.) It should be amply clear that while there may be no serious medical or physiological objections to anal sexual intercourse, the law is of another mind. Admittedly the chances of detection are slim, but the reader must realize that such acts are illegal.

Laws have never been able to mold human behavior, especially not when there are strong inducements for at least some of the citizenry to’ act contrary to those laws. Our investigation of the physical and psychological aspects of anal sexuality indicates that there are weighty reasons why the more experimental minded or the more rebellious segments of our population might choose to investigate the anus as a source of sexual pleasure and, having done so, might continue to utilize that part of the human body.

This being the case, we can confidently predict that anal sexuality is here to stay. Moralists may fulminate against the act but it will continue to be performed because of the attractions it holds. We believe, therefore, that the subject deserves investigating and that the public deserves as complete and scientific a report on that investigation as we can provide. This is the purpose for the present book. We have not concerned ourselves with arguing for or against anal sexuality. Rather, we have attempted to learn what it is, what its dimensions are and what consequences may attend the act.

Chapter One Linda G.

"I guess I'm one of those girls that got started on finger fucking and cocksucking and managed to have so much fun out of it that just plain fucking never seemed extra-special. When I first started dating boys, I remember, I was really worried about getting pregnant. I suppose that's because of Mom-she was always telling me when a girl got pregnant and warning me to be careful when I was out with a guy. The result was, I could often get really turned on, but whenever a guy started making noises like he'd like to get his cock up my cunt, I just turned off right there! "The guy I dated all through high school, I think he helped get me into this condition. Sure, he'd have liked to have had a nice fuck with me, but would you believe that we dated for almost two years before we ever did it? That's a fact, baby! It was twenty-two months to the day after our first date when I finally broke down and let him get his cock into my cunt. And even then I made damned sure that he was wearing a rubber and that I'd squirted half a tube of vaginal foam up my hole before he did it. I wasn't one to take any chances on getting myself knocked up.

"Jimmy, the guy I dated so long, was about as horny as they come but he didn't mind if I only jerked him off. He was a little bit more experienced than I was and he already knew about eating pussy. That gave me the idea about going down on him, see, and after I found out how nice it was to have a guy's prick in your mouth and how you could tease him along until his balls foamed over and he shot out about a gallon Of that hot, salty cream, I was just about as wild about eating dick as I was of jerking a guy off.

"See, I've always been just a pig about guys and their come. Somehow, the sight of a big, hard, fat cock standing tall and shooting that wonderful cream out into the air, that's always really turned me on more than anything else, I guess. There's something about the sight of it, knowing that I'm the one who got this guy all worked up and that I also brought him off so that he was squirting jism all over the place, that really makes me take off. Lots of times I've felt my pussy just boil over with my own come and I wouldn't even be touching it and the guy wouldn't be feeling it either. I guess that's what you call a sympathetic reaction, right? "It's a good thing I found out about how nice it is -to give a guy a hand job and how they can do the same back to me, because if I hadn't, I know for a fact that I'd have just withered up and died long ago. Why, even on the very first date I ever had my panties were all soaked, just from being close to the guy, and we weren't even kissing or trying to neck it up, even! And when I really started that stuff, I just about died! Lord, the first time a guy stood

next to me and kissed me, so I could feel his legs pressing against mine and his chest squashing my titties down a little, I got so worked up that I could barely stand on my own legs! The first guy that ever tried anything with me was just wonderful. When he started brushing the tips of his fingers over my thighs I nearly fainted and of course I really let go when he started fingering my pussy through my panties.

"When I started dating Jimmy I really started finding out about guys. I told him right off that I was scared to death of getting pregnant and he said it was all right, if I'd just do him with my hand. He showed me how to jack a guy off, doing it real slow and easy till all of a sudden he just can't hold it back any more, and then ending up with some real fast strokes of your fist. Man, the first time I ever saw him shoot off I was so proud of myself! And he was real good with his hands too. He could nearly always make me come within five minutes after we'd start necking and usually he'd keep after me till I'd come two or three times in his hand.

"Jimmy was the one who got me interested in that French stuff too. We went off on a picnic one Saturday afternoon and he had a lot of those pictures showing men and women doing things to each other. I was really shook up the first time I saw a shot of a guy licking a cunt. The idea of something like that was almost too much for me to handle. But Jimmy put his mouth on mine, after he'd told me that this was how he'd like to lick my snatch, and when I felt his tongue playing over my lips and digging into my mouth I just had to have his face between my legs.

"So I laid back on the blanket, after I'd stripped down to the skin, and he really did it to me. Wow! I'd had some comes before, I thought, but once he got his mouth right over the meat of my pussy I just went wild with it. He ate my cunt till I thought sure it was going to drop off and then he moved up and started kissing my mouth. Mmm, that was swell too, tasting my cunt on his lips and sucking my come off his tongue! It just made me so hot I could hardly stand it so I grabbed Jimmy's cock and started pumping.

"He was stripped too and, before I knew what I was doing, I had him straddling me and I was mouthing the tip of his cock. He was kneeling right over my breasts and I was rubbing my nipples into his balls while I sucked, which made it all the nicer. And then he started to come! At first I didn't want it in my mouth and I pulled away. The first jets splashed on my cheek and as soon as I felt that warm, slick stuff on my face I knew I had to have it in my mouth. So I stuffed his big cock back between my lips and started sucking the come out of him. Man, was that ever some delicious brew he was shooting out! "I know of some girls who claim that a man's come is the awfullest stuff in the world but, believe me, back when I was seventeen or eighteen

and going with Jimmy or a couple of the guys I dated after he and I broke up, I thought that come was just the best stuff in the world! I think I could have lived on the stuff, almost.

“Well, it wasn’t long till Jimmy and I were really French artists. He liked to tease me along, to play with my pussy till I was almost ready to come and then ease off, so I’d just simmer for a while. There were times when I wanted to come so bad I’d almost cry. Hell, I’d beg and plead with him to stick his tongue up my cunt and finish me off but -lie was too smart for that. He’d just lay back and there wasn’t a thing I could do to force him into finishing me.

“But then I got smart and started paying attention to what I was doing. I learned how to play with his cock and balls and to get him so blasted hot his nuts would almost fall off, he wanted it so bad, and once I’d given him a good case of the ache, he learned not to leave me dangling so long. But I’ll say this for putting it off and stretching it out till you think you’re going to die, you want to come so bad that when you finally do make it, you really come! “Once Jimmy and I broke up, I had it a little more difficult. He’d fucked me a few times, mostly on real special occasions, but 1 just never could forget about getting pregnant. That always stayed in the back of my mind, even when my cunt pumped away like a fire hose, and I guess that’s the main reason I never came quite as well that way. Most of the guys, though, they thought it was kid stuff to "get by with hand jobs and several of them were really down on blow jobs and eating pussy. I remember this one guy he nearly kicked me out of the car when I started licking his cock.

“You cheap little bitch!” he yelled out, jerking his prick away and scooting away from me till you’d have thought I was something drug in from the garbage heap. “If I’d known you were a cocksucker, I’d never have taken you out!”

“But by that time I was really hooked on the French way and I just figured that, if he couldn’t dig it, too bad for him. There were lots of guys around who didn’t mind a bit having their dicks sucked, and a fair number of them were really ready to chew on a girl’s pussy too. So I was getting mine pretty regular, even if it wasn’t in quite the same way as most of the other girls.

“I guess I was about twenty when I met Paul. He was real nice, just the coolest guy you’d ever want to see. And did be ever love tonguing me! Man, I could lay over him for an hour or two, just rubbing my cunt into his mouth and going down on that big fat cock of his! He wasn’t nearly as quick to come as a lot of guys I’ve known, and I could spend a long time working the skin back and forth over the head of his dick, running my tongue around that groove where the head meets the shaft, and licking on his balls. But when he finally let go, man! It was like Old Faithful up at Yellowstone. The way he could

spurt out that love juice! “We were spending one Saturday afternoon in his apartment, loving it up like it was going out of style, when he tried this new thing on*me. I don’t know why I did it, but I was stretched out over him, just having myself a ball with his cock, when all of a sudden I got this idea to jab my finger into his ass. He bad a real cute little asshole, with a fringe of black fur around it, and I shoved in my middle finger up to about the second knuckle. I’d never done anything like that to a guy before, not in my whole life, and I still don’t know why I did it that afternoon.

“Wow! He let out a grunt like he’d been kicked in the gut and then he started to let the cream fly! I’d already sucked him off once that afternoon and I wasn’t expecting another flood, at least not that soon. But I’m telling you, that man just about drowned me in come! Oh, did he ever shoot it out! And as soon as he’d finished coming, damned if he didn’t do it to me! Yeah, right up my fanny went his finger and then. I knew what I’d done to him.

“I’d had myself some fine old times with guys before but this one-with Paul digging his tongue about six inches deep in my cunt and jabbing that finger up my ass-it just wiped me out completely. I felt as though I was melting and running down into his mouth. The come was so hard, and it just went on forever, it seemed, until I couldn’t even move any more. I gave a little groan and rolled off him. Man, I was sucked and fingered right into a daze! “From that day to this, all I’ve got to do is just think about a finger dipping into my asshole and I’m hot. I mean, really hot, like I was about to let go and have a real, gut-shaking come. Lots of times I’ve brought myself off just by sitting in a chair with my legs crossed and doing nothing more than thinking about a finger working around in my butt. I’d never been able to do it before, just by crossing my legs and squeezing them together on my pussy, but now that I had that finger to think about, and could remember how delicious it had been when Paul ran that finger in me, I could squeeze a come out of my pussy almost any time.

“At first I was a little shy and bashful about talking to Paul about this. I guess I had my share of hang-ups about the asshole but damn it, I just loved it so much that I had to say something! It turned out that he’d never been punctured there either, so I guess you could say we took each other’s cherry in a way. He was just like me-the feeling of a finger sliding in that little brownie hole was the greatest thing ever and be was really up for me doing it to him all the time while we were going down on each other.

“I was taking the Pill by this time and letting Paul give me a fuck in the cunt every now and then, though I. still didn’t like that as much as I liked the hand jobs and the sucking he could give me. But we tried fingering each other as we flicked and that was pretty good too,

even if we did have to get in a real awkward position to be able to reach down for each other. I think that's the main reason why I didn't like butt-fingering quite as well while we were screwing.

"It was a lot easier for me to finger myself while Paul shoved the cock to me.

I did that a lot. My, it's really something to reach into your own asshole and feel a man's dick working back and forth in your own cunt! They're real close together, you know, and you can feel the man almost as if your finger was right on his cock. Paul really dug that. Lots of times he'd put his cock in just far enough for me to press through the skin from the asshole and rub the head of his dick. He said it was sort of like being flicked, sucked, and jacked off all at the same time! I know one thing-it sure brought the come to boiling out of his nuts and squirting into my cunt! "I was really into doing it to myself at about that time too. It seemed that when I was about eighteen, and from then till I was twenty-three or so, I just couldn't get enough sex. I'd get up in the morning and my thighs would be all wet with pussy drippings and I'd be so fucking hot I could hardly go to the bathroom. Why, I'd be sitting on the john for my morning pee and I'd want it so bad I wouldn't even wait till I'd stopped peeing before I'd start rubbing my clit. Lots of times I'd get piss on my fingers, I was that eager to get to working on myself. It never seemed to worry me too much, pissing and finger-diddling at the same time. As soon as I'd get my bladder drained, wham!

In would go a finger or two and I'd stand up, just as if I had a man next to me, and I'd really ball myself. I love to do it standing up. It makes the come so much stronger and it really knocks me out to do it that way.

"It wasn't too long, you can bet, before I was fingering both holes at the same time. One band in front, digging into my snatch, and the other around behind me gouging my fanny. I was grinding back and forth just like a go-go dancer! Man that was really some fun!

"I also loved watching myself do it. I'd straddle this little bench before my dresser, with a mirror placed on the bench so I could look down and see how it looked. I could see everything just perfect and it really turned me on, watching my fingers work in and out of my pussy. Even better, though, was watching my finger screwing my asshole. I'd stand there for as long as I could, just working the finger all around, in and out, and lots of times I'd fuck first one hole and then the other. I got sort of an extra kick out of taking my finger out of my ass and then running it up my cunt. I don't know why that jolted me so much more but it always made me tingle all over.

"I was just twenty-one when I noticed one day that I had something wrong with my cunt. Man, it itched and burned something

fierce and I could tell that my pussy drippings didn't have that sweet, musky smell or taste they once had. The guy I was dating at the time, he started complaining about the way I tasted-he was pretty big on pussy eating too-and – I decided that I'd have to do something. Hell, I didn't know but what I'd picked up a dose of clap or syph or something. I guess I didn't know anything about anything in those days.

"So I went to see this doctor that some of the girls at the office had talked about. She was a lady doctor, which made it easier to talk about something being wrong with my cunt. As soon as I told her what was wrong she caught on right away. She had me strip and get up on the examining table and she ran a little thing inside my cunt and sent it off to be tested.

"You'd do well to be a little more careful in the future," she told me after she'd made the test. "One of those holes is for pleasure and the other is for nature. You mustn't use them both at the same time. Keep their functions separate."

"What on earth do you mean?" I asked, trying to play dumb.

"I was still a little hung up about my loving to get it in the ass so well and I just couldn't come right out and tell her that I knew very well that both of those holes were for pleasure. She didn't say anything to that. She just went over to a little cabinet and got out one of those rubber gloves they wear to poke around inside you. She slipped it on and, while I was still stretched out on that table with my feet propped up in those little steel stirrups they have, she shot that greasy finger right up my asshole! Man, I nearly jumped out of my skin when I felt that! I couldn't have hidden my reaction for anything in the world and she saw right off that I was really digging that finger of hers.

"Maybe she was a little queer, I don't know. Anyway, she finished what she'd started. Yeah, she finger fucked my asshole till I was having a real nice come.

Man, was that ever something, having a woman do it to me! I didn't know whether to lay back and enjoy it or leap up from that table and get the hell home-but once she'd gotten a good hold on me and was flicking my ditty with her thumb while she was digging into my rear with her finger, I couldn't have moved if the building had been on five! She brought me off and I just laid there and came like a baby. After it was all over she pulled her hand out and threw the glove away. She sat down at her place and started telling me about what I had.

"It turned out that there wasn't anything wrong with liking to get a little action in your ass. She told me that lots of people do this and the only reason we're so hung up about it is that we've always been

told not to do it. I felt a lot better about that, believe me. And she told me to be real careful and not to let a guy do it to me in the ass first and then switch over to my cunt.

That's how I got that itch and burning in my cunt, switching from one to the other without washing first.

"She was real nice, that doctor, and I told her all about the way I'd been doing with guys. She seemed to understand all about it and she didn't even blink when I told her I'd a lot rather suck •a guy off than let him shoot off in my cunt. She had this kind of atmosphere about her that I didn't mind a bit, telling her all about the things I'd been doing with guys or doing to myself, and, she said that I wasn't a weirdo at all. I just had different ideas about what was fun and what wasn't. She gave me a prescription for some stuff to take and told me to check back with her in, a couple of weeks. I did just what she told me and inside of 'two weeks my cunt was just as sweet and juicy as it had ever been. I was never so grateful for anything in my whole life as I was to get rid of that awful burning, stinking in my cunt! I think she'd have finger fucked me again, that time when I went back to see her. Maybe she was a little on the queer side. I don't know. But she didn't do it to me and I think I'm just as glad about that. It was nice when she made me come but I believe that I'd rather do it with guys. After all, there isn't a girl in the world that can shoot out thick, juicy', creamy come like a man! "I met up with Paul right after I'd finished the treatment she'd ordered for me. The guy I'd been going with, I blamed him for getting me all screwed up inside, had broke up with me during those treatments. Paul was hip to this sort of thing, the stuff I'd gone to see the doctor about. He'd been married once already and his wife had gotten it too. See, he was another one of those guys that would as soon suck or finger a woman as give her a tuck in the cunt. I guess he'd switched his finger from her asshole to her cunt once too often.

Anyway, he was real careful never to do it to me.

"Sure, I'd like to," he told me once when we were balling each other, "because it's really a drag getting up to wash off my finger after I've had it up your rump. But what the hell, I sure don't want to spoil this pussy for eating purposes!"

"So he never got me infected again, which was something I really appreciated.

He was really' high on my snatch for eating purposes. He always said I had the sweetest, juiciest box he'd ever put a tongue to. He might be right about that.

He took me to a real swinging party one flight, where there were about five girls and seven or eight guys, and I really did my thing. I ate every one of those men, usually right after he'd given another one

of the girls a good fucking, and I could taste their cunt on every cock I ate. I didn't taste a one that had that sweet, ripe, musky taste that I've got and Paul, he said the same thing. He ate most of them that night, or at least gave their pussies a good tonguing, so 1 guess he knew what he was talking about.

"I never was much for that wild swinging type of party though. Except for that one party, I never was at a place where other people were going at it and I don't think I miss it much. When I get turned on, see, all I want to do is get with a man and let it happen. I don't care much about lying around and watching other girls get it."

Linda G-, the author of the preceding case history, is a secretary for a small business firm in one of our larger cities. She has never married and shrugs off questions about her marriage plans by admitting that she seems to tire of men too quickly to make permanent plans. As her grammar indicates, she is poorly educated, though her work record shows that she is capable and efficient at performing the limited duties required of her. She took a secretarial course in high school and, upon being graduated, went to work.

The illness which necessitated the visit to the doctor, about which she spoke at some length, was vaginitis. Specifically, she appears to have contracted a vaginal trichomonal infection. "Vaginitis caused by trichomonas," writes the author of a popular health column found in many underground newspapers, "is characterized by itching and a foul smelling yellow-green discharge. In the male there are usually no symptoms though there may be a thin discharge and some burning or itching on urination." (Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D., Dear Dr. Hip, p. 51.) The condition is caused by trichomonas vaginalis, "a single-celled organism which is readily identified under a microscope… and which "is identical in appearance" to an organism more commonly found in the digestive tract. (Ibid.) The theory, borne out all too frequently in practice, is that the organism is transferred from the anus to the vagina by careless lovemaking.

Curiously the trichomonad gives no difficulty as long as it is confined to the anal tract. Only when it is transferred to the vagina, does it begin creating problems.

Another common vaginal infection, perhaps even more often found, is the yeast infection. As the yeast organism grows, it creates a condition with symptoms similar to those found in trichomoniasis and gonorrhea. Ironically enough, broad spectrum antibiotics-normally so helpful in many cases-have the effect of killing off vaginal bacteria which keep down the yeast organisms. Thus, in treating one illness, we often open the door to another.

It is quite clear from Linda's account that she willingly engaged in anal sexual relations. She was not forced into it by men who sought to

work out hidden homosexual fantasies upon her. Not is there any evidence that she associated anal sexuality with “unclean” things and thereby derived extra pleasure from degrading herself in that manner. She displayed no signs of masochism, either overt or latent. Thus we can probably rule out two of the more common explanations of anal sexuality in human beings. We believe that another approach will be more fruitful.

Let us first note Linda’s extreme fear of pregnancy. She told us that even after she had begun taking oral contraceptives, she still had a deep fear of conceiving and had privately admitted to us that she had more than once considered having herself sterilized. There is also the matter of her extreme sensitivity to erotic stimulation. Her description of her first encounters with boys is graphic evidence of her ability to become aroused by even the slightest contact with the opposite sex.

Linda was thus superbly equipped with the sensory perceptions needed to gain a great deal of pleasure from sexual relations. She was also, however, gripped by a deep and unreasonable fear of the most obvious consequence of the sexual act, pregnancy. Her readiness to engage in masturbation with her boyfriends can thus be more easily understood. It afforded her an easy “out” and gave her an acceptable substitute for sexual intercourse. Her interest in the opposite sex extended to the phallus and she quickly became adept in fondling that organ, thereby providing her partners with considerable sexual pleasure.

It is not clear how Linda came to associate the anus with sexuality. Her account, as we have seen, had her acting upon a sudden whim and inserting a finger into the anus of the man whom she was fellating. Try as she might, she could not recall ever having given any special thought to the anus before that experience. Psychiatrists are rightly skeptical of the sudden, whimsical action and rightly suspect that startling variations from habitual behavior-such as Linda displayed in inserting her finger into her partner’s rectum-are almost always the result of a long, if unconscious, period of preparation. It is thus probable that she was unconsciously forming an interest in the anus long before that act and that she had in fact come to associate it with sexual response.

This kind of behavior is not unknown to students of human sexuality. Long ago, Havelock Ellis remarked that “it would thus seem probable that in some persons … there is a tendency for the centers of sexual excitation to be shifted posteriorly, such persons possessing unusually developed buttocks and an anus with greater sexual sensibility than the normal sexual centers. Such a state of things must be regarded as constituting a predisposition only; it is not necessarily

final or beyond the reach of training. But it is obvious that it constitutes a favorable and even natural basis for various sexual deviations." (Studies in the Psychology of Sex, vol. II, Part 2, p. 198.) We might also consider the fact of Linda's relative lack of interest in vaginal intercourse. Even at the time of her interview, she stated a strong preference for the other types of sexual activity mentioned in the foregoing portion of her case history. We believe that her preferences can be accounted for by referring to her conditioning. The sex play to which she was introduced by her first boyfriends, together with her aversion to pregnancy-and Consequently to intercourse-had the effect of training her to find pleasure in sexual outlets other than vaginal intercourse. "Learning and conditioning in connection with human sexual behavior involve the same sorts of processes as learning and conditioning in other types of behavior. But man, because of his highly developed forebrain, may be more condition able than any of the other mammals.

The variations which exist in adult sexual behavior probably depend more upon conditioning than upon variations in the gross anatomy or physiology of the sexual mechanisms." (Alfred C. Kinsey et at, Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, p. 644.) "I guess it was about two years ago that I started working at the place where I work now.

There was another woman there then and I was supposed to sort of help her out around the place, look after the letters and pour the boss's coffee. The boss is real nice. Hank-that's his name, everybody there first names everybody else-is about six feet tall and pretty well built, considering that he's a little over forty. Jean, the woman I was supposed to be helping, was getting it pretty regular from him, as I figured out in about a week after starting to work there.

"I didn't begrudge it to her, though I was always a little uncomfortable about balling guys who -worked at the same place I did. It just makes things a little more complicated you know? But what the hell, I'd already figured out that Hank's -wife -was a total bitch. She'd call him at the office all -the time and she'4 be drunk by noon. I still remember the way she bitched and whined at us.

She must have treated him worse. Anyway, he and Jean had a thing going. They used to take off in the afternoons sometimes. I guess they went off to a motel someplace and really sacked out. When they'd get back Jean would have this really satisfied look on her face and Hank, he just looked totally beat. I always figured that Jean was a real hot ass and liked her dick real regular.

She wasn't married but from what I saw, she might just as well as have been married to Hank, they screwed that much.

"But then they had a big blowup about a year after I started

working there. I never did know what it was that set them off but, whatever it was, it was a dilly of a fight. Jean lasted about two days after that and let me tell you, she was just impossible to work with. Finally, one morning when Hank asked her about some contracts she'd – filed away, she blew up and told him to shove it.

She flew out of the office and none of us ever saw her again. I don't know if Hank missed her or not. It was hard to tell what he was thinking.

"For about two weeks around that office things were a little tense. I didn't know what to say, so I just did my work and kept my mouth shut. Jean had been really inefficient, so I managed to do my work and hers too, without too much trouble. Hank didn't have much to say at first but then he started loosening up and pretty soon it seemed as though Jean had never been there at all. I don't know when he first got interested in me-maybe he'd been interested all along.

Hell, it might even be that that's what he had that argument with Jean about.

"Sure, I thought about what it would be like, balling him. I always think that about almost any guy. But I hadn't really figured on anything until one afternoon I was bending over my desk doing something and he had to squeeze by me to get at the filing cabinet in the corner. Man, he had a stiff raised up that you could have used to breed elephants – with! I nearly jumped out of my skin when he squeezed by me and I felt that big, hard dong of his brush my ass!

I knew right away what it was and since I hadn't had a guy in three or four days-it was because I was having my period-I was naturally pretty horny.

"Jesus, I never felt anything like that," I said, blurting it right out. "You must be in bad shape."

"I guess maybe I was asking for it, now that I look back on it, but honest, -the words just slipped out. I wasn't trying -to set him up or anything like that. But it was real obvious that I knew what he had there and that I wasn't any stranger to pricks. He came over to me and we started kissing with him rubbing that mammoth thing – into my belly, scraping it across my thighs and all like that. The next thing I knew I was ripping open his fly and dragging that monster out into the open.

"Let's go into my office," he said. "Somebody might come in here and we don't want that."

"I went in with him and be locked the door behind us, I was already so blasted hot I was about to cream my panties. -I'll bet that Tampax I had up my cunt was scorched almost! I never even gave a thought to my period, you see. All I could think of was that prong of his and how I wanted to love it up good. He had a little sofa in his

office and I pushed him down on it so I could get over him and start loving that – big thing good. Lord, he was as hot as flame and as hard as iron! I rolled the skin down off the head – of his dick and the knob was like a great big cooked beet, – all hot and red and already juicy, he was so hot. Yeah, there was a little thin stream of come leaking out the peehole so I just naturally had to lap it up, it looked so good.

"Hey, I didn't know you liked to suck dick," he told me. "You do that as if you really loved it!"

"I do love it," I told him. "The way a nice, big cock feels against my tongue, I just can't help loving it."

"That's real good," he said, 'but I'm dying to tuck you. I want to get my cock in you up to the balls and fill you full of come!"

"That's when I realized that I couldn't do it because I was still having my period. I knew he didn't have a rubber and – I certainly wasn't going to let him go into me without anything to protect me-that would have been just like begging for trouble. So I told him that I wasn't able to tuck because of the period. I was figuring on giving him a blow job, like I usually did for guys when I was at that time of the month. I figured he sure wouldn't want to finger fuck me, what with the period and all that, but I didn't mind. Just being able to feel him come and to taste his jism squirting into my mouth would have been enough for me. But, for what reason I'll never know, I said something else.

"If you want to tuck," I said, 'why don't you tuck me in the ass? I'd love to do it that way with you and it would be just as good, I bet."

"Now why would I say a thing like that? I'd never -had a cock in my ass before.

I'd never had anything but a guy's finger or maybe his tongue and here I was asking Hank if he'd tuck me back there! And him with a cock that many a girl couldn't -even have gotten into her cunt! I'm sure that if I'd stopped to think about it, I'd have never suggested that he do it to me that way, because of the size of his cock. I mean, he was really hung! About nine inches long, I guess, and almost as big around as a beer bottle, that's how big that tool of his was! "I've never tucked, a woman in the ass," he told me, 'but I'd sure like to try it with you!"

"Well, I've never been fucked there either," I answered, 'but I've had some guys put their fingers in my butt and I know that I can come that way." "You don't think I'll be too big for you?"

"I don't know, but I've got to find out," I said, as I lifted up my dress and pulled it over my head.

"I stripped right there and he jumped up so he could start getting his clothes off too. I was so hot for him I couldn't help but finger my ditty a little while I was waiting for him to strip down, and he seemed

to like the idea of watching me do it to myself. I found out later that he'd never seen a girl do it to her-self and I, well, I've got to admit that I took a lot of pleasure in showing him how I did it. But that's another story. I won't go into that now.

"I started to get cold feet a little, once -he was naked and I could really see that cock -of his. Man, it looked like somebody had hooked a fireplug onto his middle! But I'd -committed myself and besides, the more I thought about getting that cock inside me, the better the idea sounded. So I was really up for it. I didn't have much -idea how I ought to be to do it that way. I just bent over his desk and stuck my rump out, the first time. I don't even know bow he got his cock wet enough to go in me-I guess he must have spit on it. The first time he tried, with me bending over the desk, it wouldn't go I wasn't bent forward enough for him to get it aimed just right.

"Let me move over on the sofa," I told him, impatience apparent in my voice.

"We moved over there and I knelt down on it with my fanny way up in the air, like maybe an ostrich. Just his messing around at the desk, trying to get it in that had been enough to make me want it more than ever. And I could tell – right away that this was going to be great, if only he didn't split me wide open with that cunt-stretcher of his. I got all bent over just right and he spent a minute or two just feeling of me, running his hands over my pussy and poking my asshole a little with a finger. Man, I was perched right on the edge of one of the biggest comes I'd ever felt and I almost let go with it when he was just fooling around! "Get it in me," I moaned, trying to keep from letting it burst inside me. "I'm dying to come. You've already got me so hot I can't hold it any longer! Come on put that cock up my ass!"

"I wasn't lying either. Even though we hadn't spent much time in 'playing with each other, I was really hungry for it. He must have been in about the same frame of mind, because he didn't waste much time in getting set to plunge into me. He wetted his cock again and then he bellied up to me, aiming that -big dick right up into the rim of my ass. Lord, when I felt his prong touch me I nearly died, it felt so good! I couldn't hold back. I begged and pleaded for him to dig in there and give 'me a butt full of dick. He did it too, though I thought for a minute he'd ruined me for life.

"I know now, since I've done it plenty and gotten the hang of it, that the trick is to make your-self relax back there. That way, you can let him in real easy and it's really not a big problem at all. The first time, though, I didn't know that and so it almost killed me, the way he had to struggle to get his prick into the mouth of my ass. Lord, he really whanged it to me! The first time or two he pushed sort of gently, but when it didn't go and he could tell that he and I both were

cranking up for a come, he really drew back and let fly with a hump! "I'll tuck your ass if I have to tear it open!" he grunted. And I believe he really might have done it.

"But he didn't have to tear me. That last hump he threw at me was enough, and the head of his cock popped into place. Man! I let out a yelp like I never heard before! Partly it was because it hurt-but, more, it was because I knew I'd gotten him inside me, all of him, and that it was feeling good a lot more than it was hurting. It's still funny, the way 'it feels sometimes when I'm not relaxed good and he goes into -me. I sort of hurt, kind of 1-ike tearing off a fingernail or something like that, but at the same time it really feels good-!

It's nothing at all like taking a man in your cunt-the two feelings are as different as any feelings could be, even if I don't know how to put it into words.

"But the hurting part never lasts very long and usually I never even pay any attention to it at all. Mostly, I just hang in there and take it until he's got the head and maybe an inch or two of the shaft rammed into my ass. Then I'll start working myself around him real slow while he keeps shoving it deeper.

I've learned that you sure can't let loose with any wild humps just after he's got it in, because it'll just pop right out and you're back where you started from. But once he's got a good bit of it socked into me, then I can really let loose and start grinding. It's funny, but, when a man's tucking my cunt, I don't much like to move at all. When he's in my asshole, man, I really let go and shake it all! "This first time, though, I couldn't move at all. As soon as that great big cock of Hank's stretched out my ass and slithered into the hole. I started to come and it was like nothing I'd ever had before. Well, I guess it was sort of-like the times before when I'd brought myself off by fingering my asshole, or when a guy had done it to me with his finger, but it was, like, ten thousand times better and stronger! Partly, I think, it was just because I knew that it was his dick and not his finger. That seemed to make it a lot better somehow.

You know a man's so-proud of his cock, it means so much to him, and then Hank's is so damned – big anyway-all of that together and being rammed into me seemed to get -my mind all worked up a lot more than normal.

"Anyway, I was just coming all over myself. It seemed like I was even feeling the spasms in my hair, that's how strong they were! And him, he was getting it too. He told me later that my ass just ripped the skin away from the head of his cock and stretched it back so tight he could hardly stand it. Then, when I started coming, it made my ass grip and clutch at him like nothing he'd ever felt before. I was moaning and crying and taking on and I guess the fever got to him

too. Anyway I'd only barely started coming good when he got it too. He let out a groan and then I felt his cock swell up till it seemed it was twice its normal size. Wham! A great big thick shot of come spurted up my ass! Pow!

Another! "Lord, he really shot the jism to me, and it felt -like he took about ten minutes to drain b-is balls. I never felt a man come like that before and I've been with some guys that could really shoot out the come. I guess it's his balls. They're far-and away the biggest pair I ever felt on a guy and they were just packed with lovely, hot, come that day. It was probably because he hadn't had himself a good tuck since he'd broken up with Jean. Or maybe he was just a little extra fired up because he was screwing a new girl in a strange way.

Whatever it was, he really gave me a hosing and I just loved it all.

"No, don't take it out," I told him when he'd finally stopped coming and he acted like he might want to pull it out. "Leave it in. I want to get it in me all the way!"

"It seemed like I just had to get every inch of that monster up my ass that first time. Once I'd started, I wanted to get it all and he seemed agreeable to that. We had to wait a little while, because we were both just totaled by the come, but it didn't take long for us to get back to normal. He never lost a bit of his hard, which made me feel really good. I took that to mean that he was really wild about doing it to me some more. After a bit he roused himself up.

He started screwing it into me a little at a time. Man that was just like one great, long, slow come! I could feel his cock almost as good as if I'd had it in my hands or my mouth. The head felt like it was about ten times as' big around as the shaft. And that rim, it just drove me crazy it felt so good…

"Here I want to do it to myself too," I said, and I squirmed around a little so I could reach up with one hand and start rubbing around my clit. "Damn, I wish I didn't have the monthly. I bet it would be something to finger fuck while you're tucking my asshole!"

"I just might have done it anyway, period or not, except that the string of that damned Tampax was hanging out the mouth of my cunt and I was afraid I might get it all jammed up inside me and there'd be a fierce hassle about getting it out again. But it wasn't half bad, just feeling around the ditty and pulling on the lips of my pussy. It seemed like that made my ass even more sensitive and I could feel him even better.

"I'm coming again!" I moaned, unable to hold back. "You're tucking another come out of me!"

"Except that this was one of those Teal nice, slow type of comes, the kind that sort of creeps out from your snatch and rolls over your body like a big fog creeping in from the sea. You don't realize it, but

there's this nice, contented, utterly sexy feeling that's running all through your body and you're … well-, you're just coming from head to toe, that's the only way I know how to put it.

"Since he'd already shot off that first time in my ass that made it slicker and he didn't have a bit of trouble getting it in way deep. He said that I wasn't quite as tight deep inside as at the mouth of my ass but, even at that, I was still a pretty good piece of ass. I'd reach up with a finger every now and then and check to see how much of it was left outside my ass. Once, when I reached up, I felt his balls dangling against me and that gave me another sexy idea.

"Hey, I'm gonna rub your nuts against my pussy!" I told him. The idea seemed like a' real crazy one and really got me fired up again. "Do you mind if I get a little blood on them?"

"My period wasn't real heavy, see, and I didn't think I'd spot him at all, but I thought maybe I'd better check to be sure. Some guys, you know, are really uptight about that stuff and they act like it was some kind of witches' brew.

"Rub it all you want," he snorted. "I'll lean over and grab your tits. Maybe that'll make it even better for you! Come on, Linda, shake that ass and milk my prick again! I feel the come. I'll shoot off again if you'll help me!"

"If I'd help him? Man, I'd have done just about anything to have felt him spew another load of come up my ass! I told him to go ahead but to be easy. My nipples get really tender when I'm fired up like that and, even though I'd already had one whopper of a come, I knew that they were just as sensitive as they'd ever been. He leaned forward a little and shoved another inch of cock up my ass. That was just enough to let me get his sack in my hand and let me tell you, it was a handful! I started rubbing his nuts over the lips of my pussy real slow and easy, just playing with myself and being real careful not to squeeze too hard.

"That was the hardest part of all. I know that guys are pretty tender down there too and, while I wanted to cram those nuts right into the mouth of my cunt, I had to hold back and not hurt him. Even at that, it was just utterly sexy, rubbing those big hairy things into my pussy and touching them to my clit. Funny, but just the idea of rubbing my clit against his balls affected me more than it usually does when I actually put my finger to it! "Jesus, I can't hold it!" I yelled out. "Come on, Hank, come again! Make me do it some more!"

"Even though I already had this nice, easy come worked up and it was making me feel so wonderful, I found out all of a sudden that just a little extra effort from him was enough to turn it into a real tornado of come. That was just what he needed and he really delivered the goods. He let out another yelp and drew out about half of that big

dong and then be really rammed it borne. He started shooting again and, while it wasn't nearly as big a come as he'd had before, it was enough. I turned loose with one that -just about wrecked me. Lord, I was shaking and crying and grunting till you'd have thought I was,dying, which was pretty close to the truth, except that I'd never felt so good in all my life! "Well, that was my introduction to real, first-class butt tucking. I've never regretted it a minute and neither has Hank. Since that first time we've done everything there is to do. I've given him more blow jobs than he'd ever had before and he's tucked my cunt enough to where I can get a little pleasure from it occasionally.

But, still, when we're really turned on and we want – to let it all go, it's that back hole every time! We've found that it's best if I lay on my back and he gets over me, just like cunt-fucking missionary style, except that he rams his cock into a hole the missionaries never used! Sometimes he'll grease it up by shoving it up my cunt, or sometimes I'll grease him up with some stuff I found in a drugstore. But, whichever way it is, I just lift my legs up real high and lay that asshole out for him. He'll aim his big cock down into the little puckered up rim an4 then it's just pure heaven from then until the time we're tucked out and can't even bear to think about doing it any more.

"It's a drag, having him get up and wash his cock off after he's been in my ass-in case we want to turn around and do some sucking or maybe give – my cunt a workout-but, believe me, it's really worth the trouble! I wouldn't have him any other way and I wouldn't take anything for all the times he's made me come till I couldn't feel anything."

There is one point brought out in Linda's case history that deserves further mention. It will be noted that she especially stressed two facets of her first anal intercourse experience: (1) she was greatly affected by the idea of his introducing his phallus into her anus, and (2) she was similarly affected by the idea of exciting herself by manually rubbing his testicles against her vulva. In both cases she clearly distinguished between the excitement generated by the act and the excitement produced by thinking about the act.

As Alfred C. Kinsey and his associates noted, most women are not especially stimulated by especially sexual thoughts, at least not to the extent that males are affected. However, they also note that a small portion of the women they studied "were psychologically stimulated by a greater variety of factors, and more in tensely stimulated than any of the males in the sample. Their responses had been more immediate, they had responded more frequently, and they had responded to the point of orgasm with frequencies that had far

exceeded those known for any male. A few of the females were regularly being stimulated by psychological factors to the point of orgasm, and this almost never happens among any of the males." (Kinsey et at, Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, p. 688.) Linda is undoubtedly one of those women who show an extraordinarily high response to mental stimuli, as evidenced by her mention of the thoughts noted above.

Chapter 02 Freddie F.

"How does a fellow get to be gay? I might not know all of the ways or the proper explanations, but I know of one way that'll turn anybody gay and that's to be married to a chick like Ellen. Yeah, Ellen, that's the bitch's name. I ought to know, because I was married to her for almost three years, and a hell of a marriage it was. Maybe I wouldn't have made the mistake if I'd known more about women at the time that I married her, but I didn't. Hell, she was the only woman I'd ever been to bed with more than once. I'd balled about four cunts before I met up with her but they were all one-night stands. Ellen, she seemed a little different and I guess I fell for her act.

"You know, people believe a lot of stuff about artists, about how we all don't do much except slap paint on canvas and ball every babe in sight. Maybe that's true for some artists, but I never knew one that it fitted. For me, anyway, after I'd been standing in front of an easel for five or six hours in a row, sweating my balls off and trying to figure out some way of getting what was in my head down onto canvas, I wasn't ready for anything but a long time in the sack. And I do mean alone! I thought painting was damned hard work and I've never known a painter who didn't agree with me on that, if on nothing else.

"I used to be a painter, you know. Maybe that's what got Ellen interested in me in the first place. There were times when I suspected her of being in love with the idea of being married to a painter. I'd just had a show when I met her for the first time, and it turned out to be the last one I'd ever have. Nobody knew that at the time, though, least of all Ellen, and, while I got some pretty favorable comments after that first show, I couldn't ever get it all back together again. I'm fairly well convinced that it was at least partly her fault. The way she nagged and prodded! Sure, I wanted to be a success as a painter, but, you know something? I think she wanted it even more! I'm certain that she'd have driven me into an insane asylum if I'd only have permitted her to do it. So long as it would have made her the wife of a prominent painter.

"The first time I ever saw her, at that first showing, she came on like a house afire. I'd never really had a girl come at me quite as strong as she did. She just broadsided me. Even if I'd wanted to get away from her, I doubt if I could have made it. Yeah, we wound up in bed together that night and did she ever lead me through the paces! All the girls I'd ever known, they were sort of shy and backward, especially when we got around to sex, and they'd act as though they weren't quite sure whether they really wanted to go ahead with it or

not.

“That wasn’t Ellen’s way at all! She virtually invited herself back to my studio after the show and, once we were inside, she just let down all the barriers. I’d barely even gotten the door closed and she was up against me, rubbing her knockers into my chest and feeling of my fly, trying to get her hand inside and on my cock. Naturally I didn’t resist very much and, almost before I knew what was happening, she had my cock out and was going down on me like I was the last man in the world! “That just about blew my mind, her eating me that way! I’d always been really wild about the idea of blow jobs, ever since I’d first heard about them, but I’d never before had a girl eat my dick. I’d stayed away from the gay side of things. I knew, of course, that there were guys around who’d go down on you but, at that time, I was all hung up on the idea of making it with girls. I just didn’t realize how good it can be, how natural and free it can be, with guys, you see. A lot of the time, when I was jerking off, I used to imagine that some really solid chick was kneeling there in front of me, just holding her mouth open and waiting while I jerked off and shot a big load of come into her mouth.

“I’ll have to give her credit. Ellen really knew how to eat dick! I haven’t seen many guys on the gay side who were any better at sticking a cock than that babe. But, I doubt if she did it because she liked it. I think she’d already figured out that there were some guys who could be handled if you sucked them off good, and she was always ready to do whatever had to be done to get her way. Of all the people I’ve ever known, I’d say that she was the most shameless about it. I used to argue with her about the cold, ruthless way she used people, but, after a while, I gave it up. I just couldn’t make her see that it was wrong. She really believed you know that everybody else was just there for her convenience.

‘Well, anyway, she sucked me off and did a damned good job of it that first time. After I’d popped my nuts and filled her mouth full of come, she was just getting warmed up. She swallowed it all, every drop of it, but she was just beginning. After she’d sucked me off that first time she got up and started undressing, slow and sexy, giving me this big buildup about how she’d wanted me for so long.

“Yes, we’ll get undressed and then I’ll finally get my fill of cock,” she said. “I’ve never had my fill, not all I wanted, and I never saw a man with a prick like yours, Freddie. I’ve got a strong suspicion that you’re the man who’ll be able to fuck me until I can’t take it any more!”

“I couldn’t say a word. I just pulled my clothes off and leaped onto her right there on the floor of the studio, I’d never had a girl say things like, that to me before, and hearing them from her was like a

breath of fresh air. I just crawled on and we really went to town.

"So hard, so big and strong," she purred as she aimed my dick into the mouth of her cunt. "Just the sort of thing I've been looking for! Oh, Freddie, darling, you're tearing my cunt apart!"

"After a minute it sort of bothered me, the way she kept saying the most outlandish things. I don't have anything against profanity, of course, but it bothered me, even then, hearing her say things like that. She had a vocabulary like a truck driver when she wanted to use it, and she had this idea that a lot of vulgar language made sex a lot better. I'm not built that way. For some curious reason, I don't mind talk like that at all when I'm with guys, but from girls? It doesn't quite seem to fit.

"But I didn't have time to think about that, not then. As soon as she got my prick inside her, she started screaming and heaving about. I wasn't sure but what I was hurting her or something. It wasn't anything like that. It was just her way of trying to convince me that I was really a masterful, overpoweringly successful lover. Ellen could certainly give a convincing demonstration of a passionate woman working her way to an orgasm, though I didn't really realize that she was faking until almost a year after we were married. That first time, she really went out of her way and put on an outstanding performance. By the time I got off her I was convinced that I was the greatest lover in the world, even though I hadn't had all that much experience at it.

"Given the intensity of her attack, you might not be surprised to learn that it succeeded. It's laughable, now that I can look back on it, to consider how mismatched we were. I had virtually no experience 'with women and didn't know the first thing about how devious and selfish they can be. I was twenty-one, the same age as Ellen, but she was about four hundred years ahead of me when it came to experience and knowledge of the world. I never did find out how many men she'd had before me. Once she said it was twenty-nine and other time she said it was thirty-four. But, by that time, I knew enough about her that I didn't put any stock in anything she said.

"She got herself a painter for a husband, all right. Her old man was giving her plenty- probably so she'd stay away from him, if I know the old boy very well.

Also, she had a trust fund of her own besides that we had a great time of it on the honeymoon, Acapulco, Puerto Vallarta-all the places up and down Mexico's Pacific coast. We spent a lot of time in bed, naturally, and it was then 'that I began to get an inkling of what kind of evil was inside her.

"There were times, you see, when Ellen would really let go inside and she'd come on as something that was pretty close to her 'natural

self.' I say "pretty close' to it because I think she'd been deceiving herself and everybody else for so long that she'd forgotten what she really was, deep down inside. "But these times, when she forgot about keeping up her front, she could be just frightening in her intense concern for herself. That self seemed to come out most clearly in her sex life, which is perhaps one reason she didn't really like sex. It threatened to get the best of her and it was something she wasn't always able to 'control to her own satisfaction. I don't mean to say that there were ever times when Ellen was bursting with compassion for other people. There was never any danger of that. She was concerned only for herself. But at times the depth of that concern was simply frightening. Let me give you an example.

"When she came closest to losing control, she could be overwhelmingly domineering. You might recall that D. H. Lawrence has one of his characters speak of a certain type of woman, the type who 'claws' or 'digs' at a man, like an eagle tearing flesh out of an animal he's just killed? I never understood the meaning of that phrase until one afternoon in Acapulco. It was about a week after the wedding, I suppose, and I'd dropped off to sleep after lunch. I woke up to find Ellen kneeling over me. She had my cock in her mouth and she was trying to suck me up to an erection. She succeeded in that, naturally, and as soon as I was hard enough for her purposes she rolled over onto her back and told me to get on her.

"Come on, hurry up and get that cock into me!" she snapped, just as if she were talking to one of the hotel's servants. "I saw you lying there asleep and I decided that I had to have it again!"

"I couldn't say anything I was so overpowered by her lust. She was like a wild animal, panting and staring until I began to wonder if perhaps she might be ill. She wouldn't have anything but my prick, however, and I couldn't do anything but give it to her. She'd already gotten me pretty well in the mood for another round. But when I got on her and had my prick in place, it was a lot different from what it had ever been before.

"Ellen had this peculiar habit when she was fucking. She didn't like to hold a fellow with her feet. You know how most girls will hook their heels into your legs or lock them together around your back? She would never do that. She just hel4 me with her knees. She had a tremendous amount of power in her thighs, especially when you consider that she never did anything in the way of exercise, and she could clamp a grip on you that just about paralyzed you.

"This time she clamped her knees together and started working her hips up and down. Somehow she'd gotten hold of me different and her pubic hair was rubbing into the base of my belly. Between that hair and her pubic bones she was really digging into me, up and'

down in a steady beat. After a little while it got to be painful, she was rubbing so hard, and there wasn't a thing I could do about it-I was pinned there between her knees and just locked into place.

"You might think it absurd that a grown man like myself-and I'm not exactly a weakling either!-couldn't begin to move out of her grasp but it's a fact. At first I didn't want to move but later, when it got tube so tiresome and painful, I couldn't get away from her for anything! And' she kept rubbing, scratching, digging at me with that voracious cunt of hers! That's when I understood what Lawrence meant. It flashed into my mind that she was devouring my prick with that cunt of hers and just almost eating my flesh. More and more, that image came to be in my mind, until I couldn't look at her without thinking about a vulture, or a hawk, or an eagle tearing great hunks of flesh out of its prey…

"Ellen helped with that realization, I firmly believe. As soon as we got back from the honey moon and I'd settled back down to trying to paint, she immediately leaped into a social whirl of art life, and my own life became a living hell. I've never been especially fond of parties and gadding about from this townhouse to that penthouse, the way some people do, though for a few weeks it was an amusing change of pace. It didn't take long, however, for me to see that most of these people were not interested in art. They were only interested in being seen in company with each other. They didn't care about each other, only in being seen with each other. That's an important distinction, I believe.

"I remember one evening, as we were dressing to go out to some place where Ellen had wangled us an invitation I became very tired and disillusioned with the whole business. I was tying my tie and suddenly I just stopped and looked at her in the mirror.

"What's the point of all this?" I asked. "Why must we go out tonight and meet these people?" "Darling, it's necessary if you're to become a famous artist," she told me.

"Some of the people there are very important in the art world and we must cultivate them.' "I happened to know that the people we were going to meet that night were the same people we'd been seeing almost constantly. I also knew that none of them knew anything about painting, except what they told each other and that was only a half-understood mishmash of something they'd read in a newspaper. I said as much and Ellen just blew up! She ranted and raved, accused me of trying to short change her, of trying to disrupt her life and upset all her plans. She was really ticked off in a way that I'd never seen her before, never even suspected her of being capable of. That gave me something to think about, and I began doing some heavy thinking from that night onward.

“You know, Ellen, really believed that she could do it. I mean, that she could make me into a famous painter just by hanging around that kind of people, going along with them and catering to them. I tried to suggest to her a few ‘times that it might help if I were to be left alone long enough to do some painting, but she wouldn’t hear of that.

“‘Look at -,” she’d say. “He’s the talk of the town and does he matter? Does he know anything about color or space?”

“She had me there. The guy she named, along with three or four others were indeed famous- well, talked about a lot-and none of them knew very much about what they were doing. Of course they weren’t talked about by people who knew anything about painting but, when I pointed this out to Ellen, she just got madder.

“Him? He’s nothing but ‘a broken-down old faggot,” she said, when I mentioned one man who wasn’t at all impressed by her new idols. “Who pays any attention to him?”

“I could have told her that just about every body that cared or knew very much about painting paid a lot of attention to him, but she wasn’t interested, as I soon discovered. Ellen wanted herself a front-page painter, somebody who would help make her famous too. It took me several months to realize this and the truth only penetrated gradually. By that time we were really pretty far into this new social scene, and were finding that there was a lot of between4he-sheets activity going on all the time. You can’t imagine some of the grubby, filthy scenes taking place at some of the parties we attended! People grabbing at one another, tumbling into bed with the first person they could find. It was really vulgar and simpleminded.

“Ellen loved it, even down to the orgy-type affairs. I suppose it gave her a boost, thinking that she was living as artists lived; though precious few real artists ever lived like that! It wasn’t quite so surprising to me, finding that we were getting into that scene, because I’d already discovered that Ellen had all the moral fiber of, a common alley cat! She came in several times after a day out on the town, and was quite open about what she’d been doing. I mean, when your own wife opens up her purse and has to take her panties out to find her cigarettes; you begin to suspect that she hasn’t been out trying on hats!

Her adventures didn’t do anything to stultify her appetite for me, however, and more than once she made love to me when her pussy was still wet with another man’s come! “I confronted her with the fact, to be sure. She never even bothered denying it. Her explanation was that everybody else was doing it, so why shouldn’t she?

Furthermore, she would have me know, she believed that by being ‘nice’ to some of these people she would be able to build up my

name and make me more of a well-known painter! As if fucking had anything to do with color and space and line! She really believed it, though, and there was simply nothing I could do to disabuse her of the silly idea.

"It was at one of these sex parties that I made my big break and first discovered that there was something to life besides lying between Ellen's merciless thighs and having her claw at me with that vicious 'little snatch of hers. Not that I was all that interested in making it with any of her women acquaintances-they were all at least as self-centered and callous as she.

Hardly any of them were even as physically attractive as Ellen. "She had a way of concealing her essential hardness under a soft covering so that it wasn't apparent immediately. Mostly, at these affairs, I would screw Ellen and then sit back and drink while the others went at each other. Occasionally a woman would come by and suck me. A few of them, rather liked kneeling between my legs and eating my cock as I sipped at a Scotch and water.

"On this particular occasion, Ellen and I had been in a bedroom, stark naked and going through our usual routine. By this stage of our 'marriage, I was frankly rather bored with her, the marriage, and the entire crowd. I showed it by just lying on her and allowing her to do whatever she would. It was rather a nice way of getting back at her, holding off on my orgasm, and she didn't like it a bit. Probably because it told her that she wasn't totally in control of my physical responses! "She fucked away at me until she got tired and then made me get off. Just as I rolled off her, another fellow 'wandered into the room and began stroking his prick as he watched us. I was lying beside Ellen, about half-erect, and she was fuming with rage. She watched this fellow jerk off for a minute or two-he was exceptionally well hung, perhaps eight or nine inches and very thick-and then she conceived this desire to have him.

"'Why don't you let me do that for you?" she muttered, licking her lips and devouring him with her eyes. "Let me work my cunt' around you -I'll bring you off!"

"He got on her and they went at it for a minute or two, but then he decided he wanted her on top. Ellen agreed and they rolled over. I was sitting in a position that allowed me to see his cock going into her cunt and I watched with a great deal of interest. That big thing, so hard and round, exerted a strange power on me and I began wondering what it would be like to bold it in my hand.

Ellen kept grinding herself against him in an effort to bring him off, but she couldn't. Twice in a row she had failed to convert a man into a gushing tool for her own use! She got off him after a while and stamped out of the room, leaving us there.

“I was glad that she had left and I said as much. The fellow agreed with me. I couldn’t take my eyes off his cock-it was positively hypnotic. Even though it was covered with that slimy, fishy oil a woman generates, I couldn’t help but think about sucking him,” or perhaps working him off with my hand. He saw my interest and smiled. “

“Why don’t you suck it?” he asked. “1 was really more interested in you anyway.

That bitch, she only uses men!”

“I couldn’t resist and so I did. I’d never done it to a man before but Ellen had sucked me often enough that I knew exactly how to make it good. I leaned over him and took his cock into my mouth. I wrapped my tongue around his prick and began lapping up and down the thick, hot shaft. Even though I detested the taste of cunt, I didn’t mind it so much that time because of.the way his cock felt. So warm, so filling! I began working my head up and down until I was actually flicking him with my mouth.

“He seized my head in his hands’ and began working his cock in and out. I kept on sucking and before very long, became a long, gushing, powerful shoot that overwhelmed me with joy. I felt my own cock leaping out of control and I came too. I never knew such pleasure as I felt at that moment. From that day on, I became more and more interested in men.”

An old saying has it that “some men are born queer and others become that way.”

The case of Freddie F. would appear to be an example of that aphorism being made real. Freddie, a tall and rough-hewn man in his middle thirties, was an artist, but also the personal secretary of a man who owned and managed one of the cities most prominent and successful art galleries. His employer had dealt in paintings all his adult life and had built up a reputation for knowledge and judgment that made his name a powerful force in the world of ‘art. Clearly, Freddie’s employer was not one of those celebrity-struck art buffs whom his wife adored.

In attempting to account for Freddie’s decision to confine his sexual activities to men, a decision which he took after that first experience at fellating a man, we must recognize that we are treading on dangerous ground. As one authority in the field has remarked, “There is no single theory that completely explains the cause of this aberration, what causes one person to become a homosexual may not hold’ true of another. Whether or not a child develops homosexual tendencies is dependent upon a number of contributory factors-parental influence, experiences of a sexual nature during childhood or early adolescence, feelings of inferiority associated with specific

handicaps, personal reactions to home environment as well as susceptibility to influences within the community." (Caprio, Variations in Sexual Behavior, p. 91.) Two of these factors, the second and third listed, are of special interest in further understanding Freddie's behavior.

When asked to 'describe his earliest sexual experiences, Freddie admitted that 'he had learned to masturbate from a childhood friend. Neither of them had masturbated the other, though this is not necessary in order for the act to qualify as a homosexual experience in the strictest definition of the term.

Freddie and his friend quickly enlarged their circle of acquaintances and it was common for as many as half a dozen of the boys to be masturbating in unison. This is not unusual-behavior. The "circle jerk," as childhood vernacular terms it, will be familiar to many of our readers.

The unusual aspect of Freddie's experience is that he came to associate the sight of penises with sexual arousal. The sight of an erect phallus, preferably large, always affected him strongly and, often, he stimulated himself while masturbating by concentrating upon images of the male sexual organ. He specifically mentioned that he preferred remembering penises which were unusually large. An investigator familiar with homosexuals and their thought processes remarks that "This concern about the size of the penis is common to most of them. They are either self-conscious because of their small penis (penis-inferiority), or they possess a large penis and feel proud that it is larger than that of someone else. They use the penis as a symbol of masculinity (compensation for effeminacy.)" (Caprio, Variations in Sexual Behavior, p.

125.)

The same writer goes on to observe that many homosexuals lack confidence in their relations with the opposite sex. “His fear that he might not be able to satisfy a woman sexually accounts for some of his inhibitions. Obsessed with the idea that he was regarded as a ‘sissy,' becomes obsessed with the idea that he would probably disappoint a girl sexually. To avoid any acute frustration in this regard he protects himself by trying not to think of ‘nice’ girls in a sexual way… (Ibid., p. 126.) Everything about Freddie suggests that he felt distinctly inferior toward women. He pointed out that he had had relatively little sexual experience at the time he met the woman he married. This revelation suggests a disinclination to get involved with the opposite sex, perhaps due to doubts of his ability to satisfy their sexual desires. As a child, his interest in art-notoriously an “unmanly” interest in our society-would have operated to further this sense of inferiority and unmanliness. Once he discovered that his wife was interested in him less for his own sake than for what she could make out of him, this old feeling of weakness would have been strongly reinforced.

Thus our subject’s early experiences with mutual masturbation and his unsatisfactory relations with the opposite sex would seem to explain his readiness to convert to the homosexual way of life. His wife’s scornful attitude toward homosexuals, as expressed in her contemptuous dismissal as an “old faggot” of the man Freddie held up as an example of a truly knowledgeable art critic, would have aided him in his decision. By becoming something she detested, a homosexual, he would in a way be striking back at her. – As we shall see later, Freddie soon lost his interest in fellating other men and became exclusively anal centered. He had no interest at all in sodomizing other men; his desire was to be sodomized. Ordinarily this desire suggests a subconscious wish, or a conscious one, to be a woman rather than a man. By offering himself as a receptacle for the lover’s phallus, the passive sodomite can play the woman’s role in sexual intercourse and thus feed his own fantasies. In many cases, such desires also express themselves in transvestitism, or the wearing of the clothes appropriate to the opposite sex.

Freddie displayed none of this characteristic. In appearance and conversation be gave the impression of solid masculinity, though this appearance was quite deceiving. This is not surprising, since “a certain number of men who appear muscular, athletic, and manly in every respect are actually enthusiastic homosexuals. Some of those over muscled young men whose pictures adorn the physical culture magazines are only interested in the endowments -of other young

men. Obviously they have enough male sex hormones." (Reuben, Everything You At ways Wanted To Know About Sex, p. 130.) Thus there is no correlation between the way a male homosexual looks and the way he prefers to have his sexual pleasure.

"Herb, the guy I'd sucked off at that party, didn't waste much time in getting me tied into the gay world. We met at a couple more of those sex parties. He wasn't one hundred percent gay. He'd ball girls just enough so that nobody accused him of being overly gay. At each of these parties I went down on him again. Really, it was far more satisfying to suck him than it had ever been to fuck a girl, especially Ellen. I was completely soured on her by this time and I knew that everything in our marriage had simply been a gigantic hoax. She cared nothing about me whatever and I'd be surprised to find out I ever so much so much as gave her even a flicker of pleasure in all the time we spend in bed together.

"It was quite different with men. When a man comes, you know it! You can't help but see or feel or taste the flow of his come. I quickly found that this ability of mine, to deliver sexual pleasure, was very satisfying to me. Before I'd never been really sure whether I was making the woman feel good or not. Now there was no doubt whatever about it. I could tell right away that making it with guys was completely in another realm as far as real, lasting satisfaction was concerned.

"As soon as I discovered hew great it was to make it with a guy, I just dried up altogether as far as Ellen was concerned. That really burned her up, finding out that I didn't need her or want her any more. In a way, that was one of the greatest satisfactions about switching over to the gay side of things. Giving that selfish bitch her comeuppance was one of the most enjoyable things I ever did. You could tell it in my painting, even, that I was feeling better inside.

A lot of the tensions that had marred the work I'd been doing, they all began working themselves out and for a time there I was really painting pretty well.

Not like I had just before that first show, unfortunately. But for a time I thought I was going to be able to put something new together and really make a go of it.

"I peaked out at just about that time, though, and after working with canvas for a month or so I finally had to give up and admit the truth-I'd painted myself out, totally and completely, and I'd gotten to the point where I didn't even care any more about trying to put it alt down on canvas. That's the ultimate dead end for a painter, when you don't care any more, and I could see the handwriting on the wall.

"Fortunately I'd met Gerald by that time. He could see that I was through as a painter and when I finally got around to admitting it to

myself he took me on as his secretary. I haven't lost my feeling for painting, you understand. I've only lost my desire to paint. I can still appreciate the work that others are doing, however. That's one thing that makes me valuable to Gerald. I'm pretty sure that he would keep me on as his secretary even if we stopped being lovers, so long as it wasn't one of those tempestuous, melodramatic breaks where people screech and throw things at each other and say dreadful things. Not that there's much likelihood of that! "Gerald must have heard through the grapevine that I was coming on strong as far as the gay scene was concerned. We'd known each other for several years and, yes, I was perfectly aware of his preference for men as lovers. We'd always been friends, though I'm not quite sure why. My painting was never good enough to excite his admiration; even the best work I ever did. There are times when I believe that he saw, even that far ago, that he and I had a great future together.

"You'll have to understand that, at the time that Gerald and I first became lovers, I still didn't have much experience at this sort of thing. As far as I was concerned, sucking was the absolute ultimate in sex and I'd have been perfectly content to have left it at that. And especially when it's a question of Gerald-he's monumentally hung, you know, and has a cock that's simply the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. It's every bit of ten inches long and has this magnificently sculpted head that's perfectly immense: It's simply a gorgeous prick.

"We were up in his studio the first time that we balled. I'd come there to meet him for an appointment. Gerald was showering when I arrived. I know that that's a very outdated way of getting the message across but it worked with me and that's what matters, isn't it? I came into the Studio and he called me into the bedroom. When he came out of the bathroom he was naked, obviously, and I couldn't help staring at his meat. It was so huge, so attractive, that I was overwhelmed. I'd never seen one so large, especially when it wasn't hard, and the sight was intoxicatingly erotic. "It's only a prick," he said, throwing the towel aside when he'd finished with it. "Every man has one!"

"But how many men have one like that?" I asked. "It's beautiful!"

"Would you like to make it get hard?" he asked. "So it stands up proud and stiff? Would you like that, Freddie?"

"'God yes!" I exclaimed. "It's so beautiful!"

"I must have sounded like a silly teenager, repeating myself like that, but I simply couldn't control myself. I've been excited before but that afternoon with Gerald, I was excited beyond anything I'd ever felt before in my entire life. I'd had some experiences with a couple of other fellows in addition to Herb, by that time, and I knew pretty well what was expected of me. But when I got a glimpse of Gerald's cock I simply dissolved into a quivering mass with no self-control at all!

“Suck it up for me,” Gerald whispered, moving closer to me and standing directly before me. “Use your tips and make it firm and stiff! Pull the skin back with your lips so you can use your tongue to make me ready!”

“He wasn’t circumcised and I had the unique joy of skinning a fellow back with my mouth. Mmm, what a joy, to feel the naked head swelling out into your, mouth as you force the Skin back! I almost shot off then, as I was exciting him, but I managed to hold it back. He was coming around, slowly but definitely, and it wasn’t too long before I had raised a tremendous hard for him. Gerald is about ten years older than I, so it takes him a little while to get completely ready, but, once he’s hard, he’s just a whole lot of man! “Why don’t you lie back here so I can go down on you properly?” I suggested.

“Or would you rather go at it together?”

“Let’s not play around with childish games,” he replied, standing back to admire the change I had brought about. “Why don’t you undress and let’s act like adults?”

“What do you’ mean?” I asked, not’ knowing what he was talking about.

“‘I mean that I’d like to fuck you in the ass,” he said, looking at me in surprise. “Surely you like it that way, don’t you?”

“I don’t know,” I confessed. “I’ve never tried ‘it like that.’ “He was absolutely dumbfounded when I said that I’d never been fucked in the asshole. At first he wouldn’t believe it, but I suppose my surprise and innocence showed through well enough for him to see that I really didn’t know anything about it. He couldn’t get over the fact that I was a virgin-anal, to be sure, but then that’s the only kind that matters in our world -and that I was his for the taking.

“I’ve been fucking guys for twenty-five years,” he exclaimed, ‘and I’ve never yet had a cherry! At last, and it had to be with you! Oh, Freddie, I’m going to do things to you that’ll make you ache all over with pleasure! I’m going to fuck that tight little asshole of yours until you come from head to foot!

You’ll shoot come so far into the air we’ll both have a sperm shower! Oh, baby, are you ever going to remember this!”

“He started undressing me and I helped as best I could, which wasn’t too much, since he was so eager to get at me. When he got my trousers and shorts off, he raved ecstatically about my gear. He was especially taken with my balls and he swore that he’d drain them over and over until I couldn’t come for a week! He’s the sort, you know, who loves a great, huge, voluptuous discharge in his lovers and if I do say it, I’ve never seen anyone-not even Gerald, as well-hung as he is-with a pair of balls the size of mine.

“Of course I was a little uncertain about letting him get that big

cock of his up my ass. My concern showed, but he promised me that it would be the greatest thing in the world and that, once I'd tried it, I would never go back to sucking or any other kind of sexual activity. I'd never even tried fingering myself in the ass. To be perfectly frank about it, I'd never so much as considered the whole as a possibility so far as sex is concerned! Somehow, though, I had a lot of confidence in Gerald and I felt that if it was at all possible, he would do it to me just as he said.

"The first thing," he said to me as he went over to a little stand beside his bed, is to get some lubricant. This is the one place where girls have it over us-they're self-lubricating! But this little tube of surgical jelly is the stuff. It'll make everything possible and enjoyable. You just sit there, you dear boy, and I'll get us ready for some of the intense pleasure you ever experienced in your life!"

"Gerald squirted out a big glob of the stuff into his hand and rubbed it all over his cock, greasing the tool from tip to base. Then he used his finger to grease my whole. As soon as he put his finger in that tight little opening, I sensed that I was in for a really momentous experience. Even his finger was extremely delightful and I could see that he was right about it being so marvelous.

'Yes, you're made for butt fucking," be said, noticing the way I'd reacted*hen he put his finger up my ass. "You've got a tender little one there and it'll go mad with pleasure when I spread it wide open with my cock! Freddie, this is the greatest day in my life, the absolutely greatest!"

"Once he'd gotten us both greased up properly, he had me lie on my back. He explained that sometimes guys liked it better doing it doggie style but he wanted to see the expression on my face when I felt his cock going in and when I felt him start to come. He had me prop my legs up on his shoulders. I'd seen some women getting fucked that way at the parties Ellen and I had attended. The idea of getting it just the way they did was very appealing to me. Then he started shoving the cock to me. At first I didn't feel anything but then, all of a sudden, there was a blinding pain radiating out from my ass. It felt exactly as though someone were cutting me open! "You've got to relax," he told me. "Concentrate on relaxing your muscles, Freddie. It's going in perfectly. If you'll just not fight against me, I'll have it in all the way in a moment and then we can get down to some serious fucking!"

"I reached down between us and felt, just to see how it was going. You can imagine my surprise when I found that he already had three or four inches of dick up my ass already! I did just as he said and after a moment or two I found that I could make it a lot easier on myself by relaxing all the muscles in my rump. It took a little while before I

could really get the hang of it but, once I'd caught onto the secret, it went a lot easier. You know, I've read some case histories and personal experiences of people, mostly women, telling about their introduction to butt fucking and just about all of them agree that the first moment or two is the worst, at least until you get used to it.

"It was certainly that way for me. Perhaps it was due to Gerald's experience, I don't know, but the painful part didn't last very tong at all. I imagine it was partly the shock of being had in that way, together with the newness of it, that made the first experience so painful for me. I know that the second and third times he did it to me weren't nearly so bad and now, of course, he slides into me as easy as can be.

"God, you're tight!" he told me, panting very hard, and beginning to get extremely excited. "Your ass is gripping me like a vise!"

"That's another thing about Gerald that I like a great deal. Some of the gay guys, you know, come on in a very refined, delicate sort of way, sometimes even effeminately. I especially despise that kind of man-I like a man who's not ashamed of being a man, who's strong and virile and utterly masculine. And while I don't especially like to use profanity in polite conversation, I certainly relish hearing strong talk when I'm making love. Gerald's exactly the same way-ordinarily he'll go for days without letting so much as a 'damn' slip out, but when he's in bed with me he really lets out all the stops!"

"Puck it to me!" I muttered, holding onto him tightly and trying to get my ass to working around his cock… "Shove it deep and I'll fuck your balls off! I'll drain you with my asshole!"

"'You've got the sweetest fucking action I've ever seen," he said, drawing in a deep breath and really beginning to drive his cock home. "I'm going to fill you so full of prick and* come you'll wonder what's happened to you! I'll make you come forever!"

"Just then he reached in with one hand and started jacking me off. That was a completely new revelation to me. I'd never even thought about my cock. All I could think of was his wonderful cock and the way he was driving it deeper and deeper into my asshole. When he started jerking me off, I simply went into orbit, the sensations were so deliciously strong. I could feel every inch of his big prick boring deep into my ass. He'd stretched me to the limit, naturally, and I was tight as a drum. And then his fist, gripping my prick and sliding up and down! His hand was still wet with the surgical jelly and it slipped easily up and down the shaft of my cock. I simply turned into a semen-fountain and, the next thing I knew, I was shooting come all over us both.

"That was only the beginning, however. Gerald's the type who gets most excited when his partner begins to come and, once he saw

the stuff I was producing, he simply went wild. Oh, the way he fucked my ass! The way he whipped his cock in and out of my rear! I thought he'd tear a new hole down there, honest. Then, that last bull-like lunge when he tried to sink it all into me! He held himself there, as deep as he could get it, and then the come started jetting out of his cock! Oh, he shot, and shot, and shot, until I was certain I'd drained him completely. But then he seemed to get a second wind and he was shooting some more of that heavenly stuff into my ass! It went on forever, it seemed, and all the while he was grunting and sobbing and carrying on. You'd have thought he was undergoing the Chinese water torture! 'I'd,have been concerned about him except that I could feel his cock leaping about and spurting out hot, come and I knew that he was feeling pleasure, not pain.

"'I've never, had an ass as good as that!" he cried out when at last he'd finished coming and he'd pulled his cock from my ass. "I've laid some sweet men in my time, but that was the greatest ever!"

"Let me tell you, I never heard anything from Ellen which was a tenth as welcome as those words I heard from Gerald the first time he fucked me in the ass. And I never felt anything in my entire life that was nearly as exciting and satisfying; all at the same time, as when I felt his big stud-horse prick begin shooting come up my ass. Feeling him come, listening to him, having him in me, was simply the best thing that bad ever happened to me. At last, I felt from the bottom of my heart that I'd really given sexual pleasure to someone else. I felt this pleasure and satisfaction so strongly that it was almost incidental when I began to get my own come.

"Yes, Gerald was still jacking me off as fast as he could and my prick was responding with a tremendous climax. The sperm shot up between us, squirting up onto his chest and shooting all over mine until we were both bathed in the stuff. I'd never before been really fond of feeling the hot, sticky stuff on my own body but now, once he was doing, it to me and I was enclosing all his tremendous, lovely cock in my ass, I hadn't mind it a bit. I just laid there and shot off all over both of us.

'Lovely come! Beautiful, hot, sticky, thick come!" he breathed, looking down to see what he had brought about. "What a shoot! Freddie, when I get off you I'm going to lick every drop of that delicious come off your chest and belly.' "Fortunately Gerald isn't one of those guys that detests the sight and feel of sperm. There are some men that way, you know.-They're just really hot to have you suck them off, or maybe to fuck you in the ass, but as soon as they pop their nuts they're through with you. It's almost as if they were ashamed of having gone so far. You couldn't get one of those fellows to suck you or to let you fuck them in the ass for anything in the

world. Gerald's different. He's simply a total sexual being and he's ready for just about anything that's sexual, when he's 'in the mood. Anything I can suggest, he's ready for it.

"I've tried fucking him in the ass a couple of times. It's all right, I suppose, but I only did it because he insisted that I try it. For me, the supreme pleasure is having him inside me. I suppose I've got an essentially feminine point of view. Certainly I'd much rather play the woman's part when we get down to sex play. Sometimes Gerald's in the mood for a blow job and of course I'm always only too happy to honor his wishes in that respect! Mostly, though, we just keep on with what has already worked so well for us-him packing' my ass with his mammoth cock. That's still the best solution I've found for handling the sexual drive and it's one that I'll always love.

"There's only one drawback to anal sexuality, as far as I can tell, and that's the soreness. Yes, even now, after he's been up my butt for who knows how many times, I'm still pretty sore the morning after. That isn't such a great problem, fortunately, because the soreness is almost always gone by the next evening. And since Gerald's sex drive has diminished somewhat, he very rarely wants me in the morning, after we've' made love the night before. If he's exceptionally horny I usually give him a blow job and he's satisfied with that.

I'd gladly lie there and let him wallop the prick to me again in the ass, but he knows how sore I am, so he never suggests doing it that way. He's so considerate and thoughtful! "Mostly we do it the way he did it to me that first time around-you know, with me on my back and him lying over me. That's the most satisfying way that I know of, since it allows us to see' each other, to catch all the fleeting expressions of love and joy as they pulse through our bodies. Occasionally he'll have me kneel and he'll come into me from the rear, reaching around so he can jack me off. That's not bad but most of the time I like it better when we're face to face.

"I think one of the reasons we get along so well is that neither of us is really dedicated to the ideal of faithfulness. I mean, if Gerald sees a likely piece of ass, he'll take it if he's in the mood and it's the same with me. We mainly keep it for each other but we're not dominated by the idea, you understand. Occasionally we'll get together with another friend or two and things will get a little more complex.

"Just last week, for example, we had this very nice young man in for dinner and we had a little party afterwards, just the three of us. He was only twenty or so and extremely virile. I sucked him off a couple of times while Gerald watched. He's something of a voyeur, Gerald is! Once we'd performed enough to get Gerald's cock as stiff as it could 'be, he mounted me from the rear. Teddy, the other fellow, lay on his back with me over him so that we could eat each other as Gerald

fucked his big tool 'into my asshole. It turned out that Teddy had a sensitive ass too and so I finger-fucked his ass while I was going down on him. He ate me at the same time and we were all creaming together after a while. That was an incredibly erotic evening for all of us. I must have come three times at least and Gerald was simply incredible. He stayed in my ass for I don't know how long, just fucking away like a mad boar, and after he'd shot me full of come, Teddy persuaded him to have another round. That time he got on Teddy and shoved it up his ass! I was so exhausted and weak from the climaxes I'd already had that I couldn't move at all, so I just lay there and watched them go at it. Altogether it was a very satisfying evening' and it's one that I'll remember for a long time."

Homosexual marriages, whether formal or informal, are not noted for their longevity. As Dr. David Reuben remarks, male homosexuals who stay together for extended periods "are mighty rare birds among the homosexual flock… Live together? Yes. Happily? Hardly. The other part of these 'marriages' that doesn't fit in with happiness is that the principals never stop cruising. They may set up housekeeping together, but the parade of penises usually continues unabated. Only this time, jealousy, threats, tantrums, and mutual betrayal are thrown in for good measure. Mercifully for both of them, the life expectancy of their relationship together is brief." (Reuben, Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex, p. 143.) Freddie's relationship with Gerald would appear to have a slightly better chance for lasting happiness than the average homosexual liaison. The main reason for offering this judgment is the readiness with which both of them gratify their wayward impulses and display no overt jealousy toward the other partner's "cruising practices." This willingness to accept occasional infidelity in the partner suggests a slightly higher level of maturity on their part and thus indicates a somewhat better chance for a continued sexual relationship.

CHAPTER THREE

Judy C.

"Sure, I know all about that 'all-American, Corn Flakes girl' look. I've been hearing it all my life, I think. But you know what the funniest part of it all is? I wasn't even in the country for nearly all the time I was growing up! What I mean is Mom and I moved out to Libya to be with Dad when I was four. From then until I was thirteen, we just moved with him from one job to another. All that time, except for some vacations, we were never in the United States! But still I've got this blonde hair, these blue eyes. Why, when I came back to the States to start in that boarding school, I even had pigtails and freckles! I can't help coming on that way, but you'll have to admit that it's only skin deep underneath I'm quite a different person.

"Those camps where we spent most of our time weren't really so bad. I mean, they weren't nearly as bad as Mom let on. I think she did it mostly to be complaining and to give Dad a hard time. They didn't fight or argue all that much but, every once in a while, they'd really let their hair down and let everything get out in the open. Sure, some of the camps were pretty primitive-most of them didn't have running water and you were lucky if you had an enclosed place where you could take a crap. We stayed in a lot of places where you just had to hang your ass over a trench and let it go. But, I still don't know why Mom complained so much about it all. She was always pretty big on camping and the outdoor life. Maybe she just wanted something to piss and moan about.

"Maybe she was just taking it out on him because he knocked her up again. See, they hadn't originally intended to have any children at all and then they'd had me. That nearly ripped it for them. That's when Mom went back to the States and she wouldn't go back to Dad till I was almost four. Right after they got back together again, barn! Another baby up the old cock hole! "Mom was about to go out of her mind when she found out she had me up her cunt.

The way I know about all this is that when my grandmother died three years ago-this was Mom's mother-I was the one who had to go over and get the stuff all sorted out. There were a lot of letters Morn had written, going back to when she'd first met Dad; and I read them all. I found out a lot of things I hadn't known the afternoon I opened up that old trunk, believe me! "Maybe another reason Morn always bitched about the camps was that, if there was a house at all, it was

usually just a little one or two room hut with cardboard for walls and all that sort of thing. I figured out, from things I remembered hearing her say and from what I saw in the letters, that it really bugged her, having to screw Dad with Billy and me sleeping in the same room.

She was a real hot ass, no doubt about it, and I guess she loved her prick. But I can see how it might inhibit you a little, trying to ball your old man with a couple of kids sleeping six or eight feet away.

"One way they used to cope with that kind of situation was to fuck in the bathroom, whenever they had one. Mom would turn the shower on- most of those showers were lined with flattened out gasoline drums-and that would make enough noise till you'd think the house was coming down. I never understood why they would both get in the bathroom at the same time until one day I happened to find out.

"We were taking a vacation, a short one, and we'd rented a little beach house on Crete. This one was a real palace-at least, it had two bathrooms-and Billy and I had a bedroom to ourselves. For some reason, though, Mom and Dad didn't give up the old ways. Maybe they'd gotten hooked on bathroom screwing, I don't know. They were going at it in the john. The way I found out is that I was• looking in this little cupboard under my own lavatory and I peeked through a crack where the plumbing went through. It was a really crummily built house and you could see right in to where they were.

"Mom was sitting over Dad, with her back to him. He was on the stool and she was just fitting his tool up into her cunt. Man! I never knew he had a thing like that hooked onto him! It looked about the size of my forearm and it had this big red knob at the end. But Mom wasn't scared of it, not one bit! Man, she gathered that big hunk of cock up and just rammed it up her cunt! And then, when she got a good cunt-grip on it, she really went to town! Of all the grunting and heaving and ass-grinding you ever saw, she really put on the best show ever; and, when she'd fucked him into a big come, she just hopped right off and started going down on him! "Once I'd peeked through that hole and saw what was going on I was hooked. I couldn't have looked away for anything in the world. I didn't have the slightest idea what they were doing. Shit, I wasn't but seven or eight at the time. What could you expect from me? It really got hold of me. I didn't come or anything like that while I was watching but, as I remember, I got a nice little glow down in my pussy. Of course I didn't know what to do about it then.

"Anyway, I really remember the bathrooms, or the lack of them, at the places we stayed when I was growing up. Every time I'd go out to pee or take a shit, if it was one of the places where we had to go outdoors and there wasn't any place to hide, Mom would always tell

me to be sure and look around so nobody would see me doing it. I don't know what could be so damned exciting about watching a little girl piss or shit, but she sure went on about it.

"And Billy, I guess I remember him too, the little turd. Man, it really knocked me out when he was born. I guess it was natural for Da4 to take on about me right after Mom and I hail moved out to join him. After all, I was his only child and it had been a long time since he'd seen me. That first year, man, he really took on about me and acted like I was just the greatest thing in the world. And then Billy came along. It was just the difference between night and day, the difference when he made the scene. I guess I was a nasty little shit for a while. I've read a little psychology since then and I know that there's such a thing as sibling rivalry. But I also know that it wasn't right, Dad taking on about him so much.

"What the hell, he couldn't do anything but lay there in the crib and yell for the nipple. Either that or mess up his diapers. God, the times I had to wipe the crap off his ass! Mom hated diapers and she'd always try 'to get me to change him if she could. I guess that's one reason I started going outside so much, just to get away from all that crap. I'm just positive that there were times when I could cheerfully have let the little asshole wander off into the desert by himself. I detested him that much.

"But that wasn't all of it. At the same time that I hated him, I'd hate myself too. You know, everyone had always given me that big line about famil3f solidarity and all that. If I say it myself, we were a pretty tight family and I guess that's why I sometimes felt so bad about the way I felt and acted when Billy was around. There were times-not very many, but there were some-when I'd really go overboard trying to make it up to him for all the bad things I'd done or thought.

"That's exactly what led to my getting the only spanking I ever got in my life.

It wasn't very long after that time that I first saw Mom and Dad fucking in the john, as a matter of fact. Billy and I had gone down to the beach, to a fairly secluded little cove that we used sometimes, and we'd had a little swim. When we got out, he'd howled and cried till I'd taken his bathing suit off. He'd gotten some sand on it and he thought it was ruined.

"Well, the more I looked at him running around naked the more I thought about what I'd seen Mom do that time with Dad. I don't mean the tucking part-I knew that was out already. I mean the sucking part, the part where she'd licked his cock off after she'd fucked him. Well, after a little bit I just couldn't stand it any more and I got Billy down so I could suck on his cock. It was such a tiny little thing I barely

could get hold of it with my lips. But it got hard and I believe that he was getting a pretty good feeling out of it. He got real still and quiet when I got my mouth on it, like maybe he was reeling it pretty good.

"Regardless of whether he was feeling it or not, that was about the time Morn came in and caught me going down on him. Man, was she ever ticked off! That was the only time I ever got a spanking in my entire life but she really laid it on me.

'You little whore!" she yelled out when she saw what I was doing. "I'll beat your ass into a pulp! The very idea, doing that to your own baby brother!"

"And she damn near did beat my ass to a pulp, too. She yanked up my dress and started whaling my butt with a hairbrush, just like in the cartoons. I thought she'd never quit. I didn't even have a chance to explain that I was just doing what I'd seen her do, though I guess now it's just as well that I didn't go into that! Anyway, she really did a job on me. Hell, I wasn't intending to hurt the little fart. I just wanted to see what it felt like! And Billy, I think, was sort of enjoying it.

"Anyway, Mom was sure now, that the camp life was making me into a whore, even though I was only eight or nine. She was always really uptight 'about maybe One of the workers getting a prick into me, and she used to harp at me all the time about being careful not to wander off. Hell, I don't think there was all that much danger but what could I do? I stayed around pretty close to the campsite, wherever it happened to be. It wasn't long after she'd caught me sucking Billy that 'she started talking to Dad about sending me to a boarding school.

"All that time, you understand, I was getting my education' through one of those correspondence course deals that some religious order in the States has set 'up. Between that and what I got from Mom and Dad, together with a tutor they hired for one summer, I was in pretty good academic shape. I had to take an entrance exam but I didn't have any trouble with that. So, I was ready to go to boarding school just after I'd turned thirteen. "I wasn't a total novice about sex s4ff when I came back to the States. That's mostly because, of Enid, the tutor Mom and Dad had gotten for me. She turned up one summer just after Pd turned eleven and we became pretty good friends. She was English and about twenty at the time, I guess. She had a real good idea of what it was like to be a girl out in the wilderness and no other girls around for hundreds of miles.

"I learned about finger fucking from Enid. She called it trigging, which is what the English sometimes call it, but it was the same thing. I came up on her in the bushes once, when I was going out to pee, and found her sprawled out with her shorts down around her ankles and both hands between her legs. Man, she was really ripping it off! I

didn't have the faintest idea what she was doing, of course, but she was pretty nice about showing me what was what.

"I hadn't even started having periods at that time and my pussy was still a little, undeveloped thing, but I could make it feel pretty good, despite all that. She wanted me to do it to her sometimes-I guess she was a little on the queer side-but I couldn't ever get up my nerve to do that. I'd just sit and rub myself while I watched her drive her fingers up her cunt. She had thi8 thing about liking to stretch her cunthole-she'd stick in both index fingers and then pull it apart so you could see way up inside, really exciting to look at. She'd just open it up and let it lose, open it up and let it close, over and over until, POP! She'd have herself a nice come going, and then it would be all over with. She told me about a lot of other ways and said that I should experiment around with them until I found the one that made it happen best for me.

"Curiously, she didn't say anything about the asshole. I guess that wasn't very sensitive for her. But I found out about it myself, once I really got into it and started doing it good. The first time I ever did it to myself was in the john at a little house we had. This was about six months before I left for the States and the boarding school, and it was absolutely the greatest, most exciting, most fulfilling discovery I've ever made in my entire life! "I'd already started having periods by that time, of course, and I'd developed a fairly thick growth of pussy fur and the lips of my pussy had already grown out pretty well. I don't guess I ever had a cherry. The first time I ever put my finger in my cunt I rammed it in up to the palm and I never felt anything remotely resembling a cherry. I've heard that most girls don't have them.

They're' mostly a figment of the guys' imaginations, I guess.

"Anyway, I was sitting there on the john and finger fucking to beat the band this particular day. I was in the john because that was the safest place to be.

Since there was only the one bedroom in the cabin, I couldn't do it in bed or else Mom and Dad would hear me when I started to come. I wasn't having a whole lot of luck that afternoon and it seemed like the come was locked up some place way deep in my cunt. Nothing I could do would get it out. Finally I stopped gouging and just sat there, letting my fingers wander around all over the lips of my pussy.

"I'd already found out that that little patch of meat just to the rear of my cunt was pretty lively-you know, that spot between the cunt and the asshole. I was rubbing that, along with my clit, sort of working back and forth between them, and all of a sudden I asked myself, 'Why not?" I mean, why not try sticking my finger in my, ass? As soon as the thought hit me I was gone. There wasn't a thing in the world 1 could do about it! Man; it was positively the most exciting

idea I'd ever had and I didn't waste any time in getting to it.

"My fingers were already plenty slippery, from having been in my cunt. Even though I couldn't come, I'd gotten myself hot enough that I was plenty wet and juicy. That finger slipped in just as easy as pie! And oh my, what a nice feeling! It was at least as sensitive as my cunt and when I thought of what Mom 'would say if she could see me sitting there and finger fucking my own asshole, I just curled up inside. Well, I just drove the finger in good and deep and kept it there while I rubbed another finger over my clit. I couldn't bear to move my finger around inside my ass very much, it hurt so much, but by just leaving it there and keeping it still I managed to get myself a really first-class come out, of it.

"As soon as the come hit me, I knew that I'd stumbled onto something really big. I didn't dare even think about it much, it affected me so, but I just knew deep down inside that I'd graduated into the real big leagues. From the way Mom had always talked, I knew that it was wrong to play with your asshole and that it was a very nasty part of your body but hell, there were times when I just couldn't keep from doing it to myself. It always really knocked me for a loop, fingering myself in the butt, but there were times when I just seemed to be all knotted up inside and there wasn't any way I could keep from doing it to myself that way. I don't know quite what it was that made me do it, or why. I could come so much more strongly with my finger in my ass.

"It sure wasn't just because of the extra pleasure! Why, there were times when I felt so bad about doing it that way that I thought about running away or maybe even trying suicide or something like that. Why, there were times I could almost cry, I felt so bad about the things I did to myself! I just knew that I was turning into a queer; or some kind of pervert, but in spite of all that, I'd still win4 up sitting in the john about once a month and gouging hell out of my fanny.

"Starting to date when I was in boarding school didn't help either. It was a pretty classy school, I guess, and just about all the girls were really into sex. My roommate, Lois, was one of the worst 'of the lot. She was from a really rich New York family and she had just about every kind of hang-up there is. She used to tell me that she hated to tuck, but that even more she hated not doing it. So she usually wound up with a prick up her cunt. I don't know what her problem was but she used to do her studying with a book in one hand and her pussy' in the other! "Well, Lois found, out that I sometimes finger fucked myself in the ass. I couldn't keep it from her. It just came out one day when we were talking about what we'd done in the sex line. She wanted to know if I'd ever let a guy tuck me there. Wow! I'd barely even let guys get their 'cocks up my cunt, I was that green, but I had let a couple of

guys screw me. It hadn't done amp; whole lot for me," partly because… well, I guess I was just too used to doing it my own way.

"The more I thought about what Lois had' said, the more, hung up I became. I mean, there was part of me that was saying 'Do it!" and then there was another part of me that was saying 'Don't!" So I was pulled in both directions at once.

I wanted to and I didn't. I knew that it was terribly wrong and that 'people shouldn't do it that way but, at the same time, I really wanted to take a fellow that way. I just couldn't get the thought out of my mind-the idea of a medium-sized cock sliding into my ass, filling me full of hard meat an4 then shooting come in way deep. That really turned me on. There were times when I'd turn into jelly it seemed, just by letting thoughts like that run through my mind.

"I'll always believe that Lois clued that guy in, the first time I ever got tucked in the asshole. See, she and I'd gone up to this college for a weekend date with- a couple of guys that she knew pretty well. She was already thick with both of them and she told me all about Ricky, the guy I was supposed to be dating for the weekend…

"He doesn't have a really big prick," she' told me, 'but that thing is just made of solid steel! He can pump all night if he wants to and never let a drop of come out. You'll really have a ball with him. And he just loves eating a girl's cunt out!"

"With a recommendation like that, you can bet that I was looking forward to the weekend with mixed emotions. Lois made it crystal clear that she was going only because of Tim, the other guy. He had a cock the size of a post, it seemed, and she was always red hot to take on the biggest guy around.' Neither one of us said anything about doing it in the ass, but I still think she'd already told Ricky to try me out that way. I was mostly wondering what it would be like to have a guy eating my pussy. I hadn't ever had a fellow do that to me before.

"The weekend was about like any of twenty or thirty others that I went on while I was in boarding school-a football game, a dance, a couple of parties. And a lot of sex mixed in between all that other stuff. It was a pretty busy time.

The first chance Ricky and I got, we slipped off and started making out. Just like Lois said, he was really hot to go down on me and I… well, I thought it was pretty good. Especially when he started licking my asshole! Yeah, he was rubbing his tongue over the opening and trying to stick it in me! "That really knocked me out and when he switched around I just couldn't say no to him. I laid there and watched while he ran his cock into my cunt to get it slippery and then well, he just shot that cock right up my asshole! I guess all the practice I'd already had, doing myself with my finger, was enough to loosen me up for him. Anyway, I didn't have any trouble at all in

getting him inside me.

"I reached down to make sure that he really was going into my ass and there wasn't a bit of doubt about it. His cock was right in the middle of my ass! I was already about half silly it felt 'so damned - good, and then I started fingering my ditty and cunt while he was fucking my ass pretty hard. God, it was just out of sight, all that feeling mixed in together and with me thinking all the time, I've done it now I've got a guy in my ass! I was lying on my back with my legs up in the air, so I couldn't move too much, but I could squeeze my asshole-you just bear down, as if you were trying to shit- and that made it real good for Ricky.

"Great tucking!" he told me. "You've got the greatest asshole in the world!"

"Fuck it then," I told him. "Fuck my ass- hole! Fuck-the shit out of me!"

"He did it. Man, I was just coming all over and when I felt him let go with his come it was simply incredible, the way my clit and cunt and asshole all started working together and making it better than ever!"

Judy C. the source of the case history considered 'in this Chapter, came to our attention through the 'alertness of a colleague conducting sensitivity training sessions for business executives and certain selected employees of the firms employing those executives. Judy was personal secretary to the advertising director of a very large company. During the training session, which her employer did not attend, Judy admitted that she was- having an affair with her boss and they frequently resorted to anal intercourse. Certain other statements which she made during the training session caused the director to refer her to us. She subsequently agreed to cooperate with our research.

Judy's fascination with anal sex can be understood by referring back to her earlier years. The reader may already have noticed how often her early sexual experiences were associated in some way with bathrooms or with defecation and urination. Her first sight of her parents' lovemaking, for example, came when she peeped under a lavatory into the connecting bathroom. She also mentioned that the bathroom frequently served her parents as a place in which to make love. Furthermore, when she saw her parent's m4ing love for the first time, her father was sitting on the toilet, exactly as if he were defecating. Her own initial explorations of her vulva and her subsequent attempts at masturbation came in the bathroom. Her introduction to masturbation, via the imported tutor, came as she was searching for a suitable spot outdoors in which to urinate.

Small wonder, then, that Judy came to associate sexuality with

the bathroom and with voiding.

These circumstances only disposed the girl toward' anal sexuality; they did not force her in that direction. Other factors must also be considered in explaining this development in her personality. The mother's anxiety about toilet facilities at the camps where they lived would have made the girl highly conscious of urination and defecation as functions. The mother also cautioned the girl not to stray too far from the cabin or tent, lest she fall into the clutches of a rapist. Probably the mother's fears were exaggerated but, here again, it can be seen that anxieties of this sort might easily lead the girl to associate the toilet with the sexual act. The mother seems to have held the old-fashioned notion that toilet functions were "dirty" and "nasty." The fact that she harped about them constantly suggests that the mother herself had problems in this area.

Psychoanalysts frequently distinguish between anal and urinary eroticism. The distinction is well taken in Judy's case; she seems to have reserved her sexual interest for the anus alone and to have ignored the urinary function completely. Children frequently lump the two together in a rough and ready fashion, deriving erotic excitement from both. "With the approach to puberty, and the development of the ideal emotions, both excretory functions alike normally recede into the background and neither is likely to be, as it frequently was before, a deliberate source of pleasurable interest. That new influence, however, works unequally on the two functions, powerfully on the bowel activity, which is felt to be 'dirty," more weakly on the vesicle activity, to which the same objection cannot be made, and which has about it nothing unaesthetic. Hence it is that some degree of 'urethral eroticism' is regarded as coming within the normal sphere, while 'anal eroticism' can only so be brought in when it is held apart from the action of the bowels and confined to the sensitivity of the anus itself." (Ellis, Studies in the Psychology of Sex, II, Part 2, pp 426427.) Ellis does not claim that this summary explains every case of anal eroticism, but it helps us understand Judy's case better. She kept her fascination with the defecator act, and especially with the anus. The reason for this, we suspect, is associated with her relations with her younger brother. It will be noted that her earliest memories of that brother were not pleasant. He was not a planned child; doubtless the dismay of the parents was partly transmitted to the daughter, who also experienced the loss of the parents' affections. Thus she harbored a long-standing resentment of her brother. She seems to have generalized this resentment to some extent and to have transferred it to men in general, as we shall see in a moment. Here the principal concern is to suggest her resentment of her young brother as a source of future guilt.

We suspect that Judy's excursions into anal sexuality can best be understood as a way of punishing herself for her resentment of 'her brother. She had plenty of reason to associate her buttocks with that brother. The only spanking she ever received came after she had attempted to perform fellatio upon him. It seems quite probable that she felt bad about her resentment of his presence, however understandable that feeling might be, and that she conceived of anal eroticism as a way of punishing herself for those feelings. There is no doubt that she saw anal sex as dirty and degrading. Far from rejecting it on those grounds, she was all the more willing to engage in it.

Judy's language is also relevant to his consideration of her emotional makeup.

The reader will doubtless have noted her free use of vulgarisms, especially of words and phrases denoting the anus and its functions. This language is highly significant, according to one of the most respected figures in recent psychoanalytic thinking: "The frequent and casual use of four-letter words by some women, especially of expressions denoting sexual and excretory functions, is rarely characteristic of a low level of upbringing and education. In most cases it is an unconscious travesty or parody of men and their manners and reveals a concealed and often repressed hostility to the male." (Theodor Reik, The Need to Be Loved, p. 146.) Judy's casual use of vulgarisms can thus be interpreted as suggesting a lingering dislike of men-perhaps a hangover from her resentment of her younger brother-and thus her use of them as vehicles for performing anal sexual acts would further make those acts repulsive and degrading to her. In this way, her underlying guilt feelings could thus be assuaged all the more easily. Although she periodically "swore off" anal sex and vowed to devote herself to a more orthodox life style, she could never live up to her resolutions. Periodically she would feel impelled to give in to a man, and would then embark upon a series of escapades Involving anal sex. There is little doubt that these sessions served primarily to relieve her of her accumulated guilt feelings.

"That first time, when I got that Ricky's cock up my asshole and let him fuck me until he shot his come in there that just turned me around like I've never been affected before. You know, there are some things that only affect you a little and some others that just totally blow your mind? Well, getting Ricky's prick up my ass was definitely the other kind of thing! Man, I just went wild, especially when I felt him start to come. I'd felt guys shoot off in my cunt before and I'd held their pricks when they'd shot their nuts off but this, this was just another world! 1 don't know, I think maybe it was just the idea of him being in my ass and squirting his come up there, mixing it with my shit, that turned me on so much. Anyway, I know that after it was

over I staggered into the bathroom-we were in the school's gym, hidden out in a little room he knew about-and sat down on the john to have a crap. As soon as I started forcing the turd out, the come started rolling too and I just started coming all over again, without even touching myself at all! "That was a Saturday morning that Ricky and I had our first butt fucking session. It sort of knocked him out too because he didn't act very horny till late that afternoon. I was just totally disgusted with myself, even though I'd come like anything, and I really didn't want to have any more to do with him.

But what the hell, I was there for the weekend and I'd already let him do it to me once, so what could I do? That afternoon he came on pretty strong and wanted some more, so I agreed to take a walk with him and, of course, it was a walk in the woods. Thank God the weather was mice. This was in the spring-April, I think-and it was fairly warm. Otherwise I might have died of pneumonia! S "As soon as we got out of sight of the campus he started in on me. He hadn't fooled me any. I knew that he wanted to fuck some more, probably in my ass, and I… I was going into that hung-up frame of mind all over again. You know, I wanted to and I didn't want to? That kind of feeling. But as I've already said, I'd done it once before with him, that very morning, and I didn't see how I could back out without making him feel awful. So I agreed and we ducked back into the bushes.

"This time it was just straight sex. No romance, no kissing, nothing but just a pure, all-out fuck! The leaves were still pretty damp and soggy and Ricky didn't have a blanket or anything, so we didn't try to do it lying down.

Instead, he just got me down on all fours and crawled on behind me. It was the 'first time I'd ever done it dog-fashion, either in my ass or in my cunt, and I sort of liked it. Though it wasn't nearly as exciting as when I was facing him and could look down and see his big cock going into me. He spat on the head of his prick so it would go in easy and then he just reamed me out! It was just like the first time. I hated myself for enjoying it but the sensations were so incredibly good that I couldn't have made him stop, no matter what had been going on.

"Well, you can be sure that little Ricky didn't keep his news to himself.

Within a couple of weeks I believe that everyone in my boarding School and all the 'guys in the better colleges in that part of the country were aware of how well I liked a prick Everywhere I went, I got these funny looks and propositions from guys that wanted to see what it was like, running their cocks up a girl's asshole. Several of them were very frank about it. One guy even said that he'd like to try it and see if a girl's asshole was any different' from a guy's! I guess

he'd been working the gay side for a while and maybe wanted to change his luck.

"After a reception like that, I was just furious with Ricky for having blabbed about it, but it was too late then. I didn't date another boy for a month. I just stayed at the school and' occasionally I'd finger fuck myself, almost always in the ass, but otherwise I tried to live like a nun. There were times when I really hated myself for letting Ricky fuck me in the ass. But then there were other times when I thought I'd have to tie myself in the room to keep from running out and grabbing the first man I saw and making him give it to me that way! ' "It's a good thing I didn't stay at that boarding school past the spring, when I got my first taste of that kind of sex. I got out and tried a couple of years of college, but it turned out to be a total failure too. I don't know what the problem was. I just couldn't seem to settle down and keep my nose in those books. Part of it was the sex, I know that. It seemed that, as I grew older, I wanted it more and more. I mean, I wanted to do it the way I had with Ricky, with the guy going into my ass.

"I was lucky that I didn't have to stay in college. I was spending Easter vacation at Atlanta, where I was staying with some friends Of Mom and Dad's, and when I mentioned that I was utterly sick to death of college and books and all that, the man asked me why didn't I go to work? I hadn't really given it much thought, except to 'guess that I wouldn't be able to get anything very interesting. You know, I hadn't gotten my degree and all that. But I found out that there are a lot of good jobs around where you don't need a degree at all.

Like the one I've got now, for example.

"This fellow mentioned my name to a few people he knew and this company agreed to take me on as a trainee for personal secretary to the bigwigs. Really, you don't have to know much about typing or shorthand to do that kind of job. They mostly want somebody with a nice figure and a pleasant voice to answer their telephone, fix them a drink, announce other bigwigs and generally give the office a little tone.

"I didn't know when I started the, training program that one of my duties would be to handle the boss's sex drive. Apparently it works out different for different girls. Some of them, I know, pimp for their bosses. You know arrange to get him dates with other girls who'll give him what he wants, things like that. Jeff, my boss, has never asked me to do anything like that. Hell, he's smooth enough that he can go out and get all the ass he wants! "I must have worked for him 'six months before he made his first pass at me. It was right after he'd spent a long afternoon in conference with the absolute top brass of the company. He came back from the conference just beat, and I fixed him a drink.

We sat down in his office and began to talk and before I knew it, my heart was going out to him. Maybe it was a misplaced material impulse or something like that but, for a change, I really related to a man. I mean, I saw him as a human being and not just something I could use to make me feel good.

That was a new experience for me and I didn't quite know what to make of it.

"We ended up going out for dinner. He called his wife and made some kind of excuse. It didn't have to be very good because they didn't get along very well.

I don't even know why he bothered calling. If I'd been his wife, I'd have known for sure that he was getting his ass somewhere else, the way he behaved! Well, as you might expect, we ended up back at my apartment. It wasn't too long before it was time for bed. We were really pretty hot for each other.

"Once we got into the bedroom and got our clothes off, he just fell over onto the bed, rolling onto his back and laying there. He wasn't even hard, which sort of put me off a little. "I was used to guys getting it up by themselves, you know. It was a little unusual, getting naked with a guy and then finding his cock still limp.

"You'll have to get me hard," he told me. "Do you like to suck?"

"'I don't mind it," I said to him. "In fact I sort of like L I've never had a man get hard in my mouth before. Maybe it'll be something really groovy.' "To be truthful about it, I'd never felt a man get hard at all. As far as I knew they must had hard cocks all the time, though of course I understood that this wasn't so. It was just that I'd only seen them in situations where they were getting ready to use their pricks. I stood there for a minute, just looking at him, and then I knelt down on the bed beside him so I could lean over and start kissing his prick.

"Get your legs over me," he said. "I'd like to eat your pussy while you're sucking me up.'.

"Jeff's always had this thing about liking to talk real dirty to me while we're balling. That startled me at first, because ordinarily he never says anything at all out of line. When we're messing around and getting ready for sex, though, it's like he becomes a completely different man.

"'I haven't had a bath since this morning," I reminded him. I felt like coming right out and saying that I'd been pissing through my pussy all day but I figured he could work that out by himself. 4Are you sure you want me like this?"

"'You'll be just right," he said. "I'd rather eat a pussy that's been mellowing for a while. Come on, Judy, get over me and let me get my tongue in 'you!"

"That settled it for me. If he wanted me just the way I was, who

was I to argue with him? I climbed aboard and settled my snatch right over his face; He spent a little time just admiring my crack, kissing my thighs and opening up the lips with his fingers. All the while, in between kisses, he was telling me what a great looking pussy I had. Nobody had ever complimented me on my box before and I sort of took to the things he was saying about me.

"Funny, but I didn't even give a thought to whether his prick might be clean or not. I guess I'll have to be truthful and admit that I was about 'like him. I'd much rather suck a man twelve hours, or even a day, after he's bathed. There's something about the idea of working my tongue down into that little pee-hole, knowing that he's been using it that really turns me on. Not that I've ever been able to detect the taste of piss. It isn't that kind of turn-on at all.

"How about this?" he asked me, and then he started running his tongue around my asshole.

"Jesus! I never thought he'd want to do that to me! When I found out that he had interest in the butt, I just about creamed right in his face. Yeah, I was about to go wild there and he'd just barely started working on me! 'Ah, you do like it," he said, and then he gave 'a little laugh. "I was hoping you'd be the kind who likes this Sort of play.'

'God, be careful," I told him. "That just kills me. It makes me want to come all over! Don't make me come yet. I want to save it and do it with you!"

"'I'll be careful," he promised. "I'll just tease you along and get you ready to pop. I don't want you creaming yet.' "His cock was starting to get some life in it and that was just out of sight, feeling it get stiff and growing in my mouth. Talk about something sexy, that was just about the most exciting thing I'd ever felt. Jeff wasn't satisfied with just licking my 'asshole, 'by the way. After he'd worked it over with his tongue for a while, he started playing games with his finger. Ugghh! I nearly died it felt so good when he fingered me good and deep! And when he tongued my clit at the same time that he was ramming that finger in, I just went all to pieces. "

"You've got to fuck me," I whimpered. "I can't take it any more. I've got to have your prick! I've got to have it inside me!"

"'Where do you want it?" he asked me. "Shall I fuck you in the asshole? Is that how you want it?"

"'You know it's how I want it," I told him. "I love to feel a man going in my ass!"

"Except that I was just a little worried about him. Once I'd sucked him up to a hard, it turned out that he really had a dick on him! He was far and, away the biggest man I'd ever had and I was a little afraid that he might tear something, trying to get all that big tool into my butt.

"'Don't worry," he said. He 'was shrewd enough to see that I was a little scared of taking his big cock. "I'll be careful with you. I won't hurt you.' "I want it," I told him, 'but I'm afraid of it. I've never bad a thing that big in my' ass before. But I want it. I really do!"

"'You'll have it," he answered. "Just concentrate on relaxing and everything will go smooth, I promise. Just lie there and make yourself comfortable. Relax and spread your legs out wide. I'll do the rest."

"He was as good as his word I'll say that for him. I suppose he'd gotten a lot of practice at screwing women in 'the rear, though I'm not sure where he'd gotten it. Some of' the things he said made me wonder if maybe his wife didn't like it that way, but then he said so the other things, after we'd gotten to know each other better, that made me think maybe she was really opposed to him doing it that way. Whatever the answer is, he sure knew how to go about it and make it good for a girl! "To start off with, he put his cock up my cunt. That was just to get it- good and slippery, he said, and I'll have to admit that I was as juicy as I'd ever been. Lord, just thinking about getting my asshole around that big pole of his made me want to Furl up and die! He used his finger, too, to dip into my cunt and smear the drippings over my ass and lubricate the mouth a little. As soon as he'd done that I was so close to coming I knew I couldn't hold it back.

"You've done it to me," I whispered, trying to hold it back until he could get it in me. "I'm going to come. I just can't keep from coming now! Your finger was enough to drive me up the wall!"

"'Hold on, Judy," he said, reaching down to aim his cock up to the mouth of my ass, 'I'll have it in you in a minute and then we'll both come! You've really got me worked up. I know I'll shoot my balls off as soon as I feel your ass slip around me!"

"Hurry, get it in," I moaned, biting my lip and trying to keep the come back for just another minute.

"I was so intent on getting him into my asshole that I forgot all about him being so big. That made me relax, I suppose, and it wasn't any trouble at all getting him in. His tool went in just as easy, as if it were going in my cunt, and from then on it was just one great long stream of pleasure. Oh, I really had myself a time, laying there and letting that good feeling roll all over me when he started driving his cock home. Just as he said, he started shooting come as soon as the rim of my asshole popped around the head of his dick and that made him all the more anxious to get more of it inside me.

Lord, he just drew back and fucked my ass till I thought sure it was going to fall off! I was coming from the moment his prick started spreading the mouth of my ass, all the way down to the time he finally stopped squirting the come in me, and when he finally fell on me and lay still, I just felt totally drained.

“That first time with Jeff, I think, was about the only time I’ve ever done anything with a man and didn’t really hate myself at the very instant that it was all happening. Of course, after it was all over and he’d taken his cock out of my ass, then I started feeling terrible. But that first moment, when he was just getting it into me, I just felt as though I were doing something halfway nice. I don’t think I ever felt quite that way before or since.

“There’ amp; one thing about letting guys fuck you in the ass-every time I’ve tried it, the guy’s been so totally whipped by it that it’s’ just one time around and that’s it for them. Before I started making them flick me in the ass, back when I didn’t know anything but screwing the regular way, some of those fellows would go two or three times without ever taking their pricks out. You know, they’d fuck till they came the first time, then they'd lay there for a little while and -then they’d start in again and fuck some more. It sure isn’t that way when they’re ‘in my ass. Then it’s just one time’ and they’re done. I guess it’s got something to do with it being so much better back there. “

“Anyway, whatever the explanation is, Jeff was finished after that one time.

It’s just as well that he was because I’m not sure I could have taken him again. His prick is awfully big, long and thick, and I was fairly sore the next morning. It didn’t keep me from going to work, of course, but I’m just as glad there wasn’t any strenuous activity connected with the job! Jeff acted as though nothing had happened, except for a moment or two when we were alone.

Then he let me know that he thought it had been wonderful. That made me feel good because, by that time, I was really getting down inside myself and feeling awful about the way I’d behaved with him.

“We must have gone on for almost a week, acting perfectly normal toward each other. He’s in his mid-forties and I imagine he doesn’t want a woman quite as much as he once did. That’s nice for me. I don’t think I could stand it if he wanted me all the time. Most of the ‘time we are about like any executive and his secretary are supposed to be-businesslike and efficient. I’m sure, now that I know him better that he sensed the way I felt about it all and that he was deliberately holding himself back. He’s very sensitive, you know, and he can really adapt himself to another person’s moods.

“Sure enough,” it wasn’t very long until I could feel that old desire building up inside me again. Usually it starts as sort of a gnawing ache, very small, but then it just keeps on building until I’m dying to fuck, ready to do almost anything to get rid of that terrible want between my legs. I tried to hide it and to get by with finger fucking myself but that just wouldn’t work. Once I’d had the best, it

was hard to settle for something a lot less significant! “Jeff must have seen the way I was being bothered because he was the one who got to me -I didn’t go to him. It happened after work one day, a day when I’d barely been able to get around, I was so hung up and so horny. When I went into his office to say good-bye for the day, he just looked at me in that peculiar way of his and I could feel my pussy starting to crawl.

“Close the door and come here,” he told me.

“I did and he started loving me. We didn’t have to worry about anyone interrupting us. No one ever goes into an executive’s office without knocking first. We were almost naked when I got this brainstorm of mine. I guess seeing Jeff’s cock-he was rock hard this time-made me think of it, or maybe it was something else. Anyway, I suggested that we go into his john and do our fucking there. He thought it was a nice idea and, as soon as he was stripped, in we went! “He sat on the stool and let me sit over him. I started to do it facing him but then I turned around and backed down onto him, first putting my cunt over his cock to get it slippery enough and then getting off and moving forward just enough that his prod would dip right into my asshole. It wasn’t until I’d already made the switch that I realized what I’d done-I was get ting flicked in exactly the same way-that. Mom was getting it from Dad that time that I saw them in their bathroom! When I realized that, I just about shit all over myself, it was so sexy, and then I reached down to grab hold of my pussy and, man, it was just ‘Come City’ from then on. I just had myself a perfectly wonderful time with that big cock of my boss up my ass!”

One might assume, from reading the second portion of Judy’s case history, that she had come to view her relations with men in a slightly different light and that her relations with Jeff were more nearly normal than the earlier affairs into which her guilt had driven her. We must caution the reader against drawing an overly hasty conclusion. Judy’s behavior still shows strong evidence of her fundamental distaste for the acts to which she was driven. This distaste is quite apparent in her account of their love play inside Jeff’s bathroom. She mentioned that at first she started to sit on him with her face toward him but that she turned and presented her back to him. This change is highly significant, as we can see from Albert Ellis’s conclusion that “a man, who feels so guilty about having intercourse with any woman that he is afraid to look her in the eye while having it, and consequently always enters her vagina from the rear, is a distinct sex neurotic or deviate-even though he is engaging in a sex act that under most circumstances would not in the least be berated or perverted.” (Ellis, Art and Science of Love, p. 227.) While Dr. Ellis’s words applied to males and vaginal intercourse, we can easily see that the basic contention would also hold when we consider the case of a

woman addicted to anal sexual acts. Despite the slight change in her verbal attitudes, Judy's essential loathing for anal sex continues, as does her need to be symbolically punished and degraded for her imagined offenses of long ago.

CHAPTER FOUR

Geraldine B.

"Got a date tonight?" Helen asked me as we walked out to the parking lot after another day in the secretarial pool.

"Yeah, I'm going bowling with Harry," I told her.

"Harry? That creep? Jeez, what a washout he was when he took me out!"

"Oh, you've been out with him, huh? What was he like?"

"He's all right, I guess, except that he's not much good for anything except bowling and dancing," Helen said. "When it comes to loving, he just can't get up to the mark. Of course, with you he might be different, but that's the way I found him."

"What was the problem?" I asked.

"Helen's one of my best friends and usually we just let it hang out all the way together; we don't hold anything back. I've found that's the best way to be when it's just girls together, especially when the subject is guys. You can find out a lot that you need to know from other girls, and sometimes they can save you a lot of grief. Helen's a big, busty blonde and she really gives all the guys a workout. I guess she's' dated just about every one of the, salesmen that work through our pool and some of the big shot executives too. She's modern enough to know that they aren't taking her out because of her fine mind or anything like that and I think she sort of enjoys getting a lot of attention from guys-especially the kind of attention that ends up with her getting in bed with them! "He's just a shrimp," she told me. "I mean, like hardly anything at all!"

"You mean between his legs?" I asked.

"Where else? Oh, he's hip enough," she said. "You know, about going down on a girl and all that, but he just doesn't have the site I like in a guy." 'Hey, you know something?" I said, looking at her with surprise. "I never thought about that. It really makes a difference, doesn't it? I mean, how big a guy is down there?" 'Honey, it makes all the difference in the world," she said, giving me that woman-to-woman look that told me she was really leveling with me. "A little guy, he's all right, I guess, till you've had a real man in that little hole.

Then you really start to see what it's all about!"

"Now you might think I'm putting you on, but when Helen and I had that little talk I really didn't know it made that much 6f a difference. Of course, up until that time I hadn't really had much

experience with any guy that was very big down there. I was nineteen -then, fresh out of business school and I'll admit that I had a lot to learn about things. I sure wasn't any virgin. I'd let a guy stick it to me when I was sixteen, and since that time I'd gotten serious with seven or eight guys, I suppose. But it didn't last long with any of them.

I knew now that they didn't get really worked up about me because I didn't know how to do it; and I never got much fun out of it.

"The evening with Harry turned out to be one of the most educational events of my entire life. Not because Harry showed me anything. He was just about the way. Helen said he was. But that was the first time that I ever really paid much attention to a guy, or to what I was doing with him. Later that night, after we'd left Harry's place and he'd dropped me off at my efficiency, I started thinking about what all we'd done and I realized that Helen was right: he didn't have much between his legs! I didn't get out a tape and measure him or anything like that but when I was jacking him off, trying to get him bard enough for fucking, I took a good close look at what I bad in my band. I tiled to guess about how much of it was sticking out of my palm and later, when I was back at my' place, I did a little measuring.

"The way I figured it, Harry had about five and a' half or maybe six inches of prick. Now I knew damned well, from listening to girls at the office, that this wasn't a whole lot. I didn't know what was big, though, and I put it to Helen the first chance I got.

"How big is big?" I asked her. "I mean, when you're talking about a guy's cock?

How big do they get?"

"Ah, you noticed what I was talking about!" she said triumphantly, 'a big smile on her face.

"Helen told me a lot about guys and how they can differ so much. Like, maybe one guy won't be very long but he'll have a real thick one and then another guy might be really long, maybe eight or nine inches, but he wouldn't be any bigger around than Harry's is.

"The real studs, though, are the ones that have it both long and thick," she told me, and you could tell from the look in her eyes that she really liked that kind the best. "A guy like that, you can really tell it when ho starts putting the meat to you!"

"Doesn't it hurt, having a guy that big?" I asked. "I mean, that would be almost twice as long as Harry's prick and.a 'lot bigger around. What would happen if he drew back and really shoved it all in you at once?"

"Geraldine, honey, it's just the greatest feeling in the world," she told me.

"Oh, it might hurt a. little, especially if he puts it in you a little

too soon, before you're really warmed up and ready to take it, but believe me, it's the kind of hurt a girl can 'really learn to love!"

"I was just aching to ask her which one of the guys at the office' had the biggest prick; but I was ashamed to let her' know how much I wanted to try it out. I just said something about like you'd expect me to say. "I'll have Jo think about it," or something dippy like that-and started talking about something else.

"Besides, I didn't want to mention it but I had a pretty good idea of where I could find 'a guy that just might fit the requirements. See, I happen to live in a kind of ratty neighborhood and there's this one guy who hangs around there that drives this great, huge motorcycle. He's not a real Hell's Angel, or anything bad like that, I don't think, but he's a little flashier than most of the guys I know.

"He'd let me know several times that he was interested, and when I got to thinking about it, it seemed that I could remember seeing a really big lump in the front of his jeans. You know, about where his prick would be. And that got me started to thinking that he might have a really big one. I won't say that I went right out with the idea of making it with this guy but on the other hand, I did keep my eyes open! "Sure enough, it wasn't long before I ran into this guy and he was just as brassy as ever. He was lounging against his cycle when I walked by. He made some kind of wisecrack and instead of ignoring him, like I usually did, I stopped and answered him. Well, one thing led to another and the way it came out was, I agreed to go riding with him the next day which was Saturday.

"Saturday rolled around and I went out to the filling station where he'd asked me to meet him. I was wearing a pair of jeans. When he came roaring up, I hopped on the back and off we went. Man that was really 'something; straddling that big machine and feeling it roar and hum between my legs! That was sort of sexy itself; just having my box sitting so close to that great big engine. He went fast- as hell, of course, and I hung on for dear life. That only got me a little more turned on because by 'grabbing on, I pushed my breasts into his back. And that always turns me on, rubbing my nipples into a guy. They're pretty sensitive and almost anything touching them will usually get me into a raunchy mood.

"He drove up into the hills back of the neighborhood where we lived and then we turned off onto a little dirt road, getting way far back into the woods. I was pretty sure that he wasn't taking 'me up there to admire the scenery and, sure enough, he parked the bike after a while and started talking sex to me.

"We were off the bike and leaning against it. I deliberately shoved my boobies out, making them press against my shirt so they'd stand out better. And it had an effect on him. I looked down at the front of

his jeans out of the corner of my eye, and wow! This guy looked like he'd rolled up the Sunday newspaper' and shoved it.down his pants! It was just something else! As soon as I saw that great, huge thing bulging out the front of his jeans I knew I had to have it.

"AS it turned out, I would have gotten it whether I wanted it or not. This guy-his name was' Jerry-was dead set on giving it, to me. And I guess it would have been a rape scene if I hadn't been so willing to go ahead. I ran my hand down over that lump and he told me to open up his jeans and start playing with it. I did. And as soon as I had his pants down around his thighs I started wondering if maybe I hadn't gotten more than I'd bargained for. Harry, you know, I could hold his rod in one hand and there would be an inch or 80 of stiff meat sticking out of either end. Jerry, though, I could grab' him with both hands 'and there was still some left over. It was the biggest one I'd ever seen! "What do you think about that?" he asked, as I rolled the skin back and forth over the head.

'That thing was made for fucking, you know!"

"I know it," I said, hardly able to believe I was seeing something real. "Gee, I never had one this big before! It's liable to tear me in two!"

"Nah, it'll just make you feel good," he said. "I bet you got a lot of stretch in that cunt of yours!"

"Nobody had ever said anything like that to me before. I mean, they'd never just come right out and said words like 'cunt' to my 'face. Usually I'd have been offended. But this time, it just made me a little hornier. I guess I just like being talked to that way. Jerry must have noticed because he really started laying it on the line.

"Yeah, I'm gonna have you pull them jeans off," he said, grabbing a handful of my hair and pulling my face back. "And then I'm gonna lay your ass down on them pine needles over there and shove this tool up your cunt. And you 'know something? You're gonna love it. You're gonna get yourself fucked till your tongue hangs out!"

"Just hearing that seemed to make me twice as horny! I pulled away from him and started opening up the front of my shirt. He just stood there and watched while I pulled off mf shirt and bra. I started opening up my jeans. I hadn't worn any panties and his eyes got this squinty, concentrated look when I unzipped the jeans and pulled them down enough for him to see that I was naked underneath.

"That's what you've got waiting for you!" I said, standing up so he could see my bush and get a glimpse of the slit. "I'll wrap my pussy around your cock and drain your balls!"

"Actually I was just' saying that. Once I'd gotten a look at his sack I wasn't sure if I could ever drain him. I mean, you could have dropped a couple of baseballs in that sack of his and it wouldn't have

been much bigger! I finished skinning out of my jeans and spread them out on the pine needles. Then I got down on them and spread my legs out real wide. I started messing around with the lips of my pussy, pinching them together and running a finger up into my cunt. That really got him. And he just took a dive, almost, landing right in the middle of me.

"Get that hand out of the way," he snorted. "I can put it in myself!"

"All I wanted to do was just spread the lips out wide and make sure all the cunt hairs were out of' the way. I had a guy ram it in me once and a hair got caught. Talk about something that hurt! Jerry wasn't having any of that though.

He just piled on and started humping. The first jab or two missed and I thought sure he was going to drill me a new cunt, or maybe just do it outside me. But then he moved a little and it went right in between the lips. Man! Did I ever know that I'd been stabbed by a man! It felt like I was just being sliced open! "He rammed in a good - bit of his cock on that first shove. As much as I'd ever had inside me. I could really tell when he started working on the part where nobody had ever been before. It was like that part of my cunt was a lot tighter and he just pried it apart. He didn't give a damn about what I was feeling, or whether I liked it or anything. He just wanted to get more of my cunt wrapped around that big thing. He kept on ramming it in further and further. Just digging as hard as he could and grunting like a man doing pushups. Finally, after he'd banged it in right to the bottom, he pulled it out and straightened up so he could lay it against my belly.

"Grab it!" he said. "Grab it with your hand and jack me off so I can see the come on your belly!"

"I was really shook up by that. But I guess I was so stunned by it all that I couldn't take time to think. So, I did it. He was so big, so hard and of course be was real slick from all the juice in my cunt. So, I 'just wrapped my fist around it and started working. The head of his cock was in the palm of my hand and when he started shooting his nuts off it squirted all over my band.' He made me take my' hand away and let it shoot out onto my tummy. It got all over me, even up onto my boobs. "And he seemed to like that a lot.

"He just hung there for a minute after his prick had stopped squirting. And then be told me to rub the head of his dick into a big puddle of cream over my navel. I was sort of getting to enjoy it by then and it was nice, dipping that big tip into the come and getting it all covered with the stuff.

"Now suck it!" he ordered, moving up so it 'was closer to my face. "Lick that come off, bitch!"

"I was really scared by then. He had a mean – look on his face and I knew that if I didn't do just what he said he'd beat hell out of me. He was just the sort that would do it too-real mean and angry. Anyway, the idea struck me as sort of sexy, and I went ahead and did it. The come didn't taste so bad, especially since it was flavored with my cunt. And I really got a bang out of it, once I'd gotten over being so scared. The sight of his dick going in my mouth must have fired him up because in just a minute or two he started coming again. It wasn't a big one, just a few little dribbles, but I could feel it pulsing against my tongue and then that thick, rich stuff started rolling out and I… well, I just loved it.

"I'll never know why I didn't say something to him about doing it in my ass, unless maybe it was because I was afraid that getting plunked with one that big might rupture the opening and really fix me up good. Maybe I was still too – hung up on it to be able to come right out and' mention it to a fellow. But whatever the reason was, I didn't say anything about it.

"You see, I've known for a long time that my asshole is – the most sensitive part of me. Oh, maybe not sensitive, but anyway the part that has the best feeling. I found that out, a long time ago. I think the first time I realized it was when I was about thirteen, when I was sitting on the john. I'd just found out about guys and what they do to girls. A friend' at school had told me everything about it. And, frankly, I thought it was pretty wild.

"I was pretty constipated at the time and I'd sat there a long time without anything happening. I was thinking about what Lucille had told me, about her doing it with her boyfriend. And it really got to me. I'd been fingering myself for two or three years. Not that I'd ever gotten a really good come out of it.

But enough to know that I could make myself feel pretty good just by rubbing my clit. The more I thought about Lucille laying back and letting Doug-that was her boyfriend, a greasy sort but she was hot for, him-see her snatch and everything, the hotter I got. And I started rubbing my cit. I didn't get any orgasm, of course, but it really felt good. I kept it up for a little while and then I tried to finish up my business and get rid of that constipation.

"Something happened because I really let go with a load! I mean, a 'butt buster," as we used to call them, and it nearly tore my ass off sliding out.

Lord, what a feeling that was! All of a sudden that turd was rolling out of me and I felt my clit begin to twitch and throb. And man, I was having myself a come like I'd never even imagined! It just tore me in two, almost, and when it was over I couldn't do anything but sit there, sort of keeled over. And wonder what had happened.

“That was how I got the idea that my ass was something special. I waited a day or two; then one evening, while I was lying in bed fingering my clit, I decided to see if maybe I could get the same feeling by putting something in instead of letting something out. I mean, I figured if it works one way maybe it’ll work the same way in reverse, right? So I started trying to get a finger up ‘my ass.

It was too dry, of course, so I moistened the finger by running it through the lips of my pussy. That got it slick enough and it slipped right in.

“Wow-ee! I knew right off that I’d stumbled into a gold mine and I just finger fucked myself into a tizzy! I forgot all about my clit. All I could think of was working that finger back and forth in my asshole. Every wiggle of my finger made it better until finally I just about passed out. It was so good! What made it even better, I think, was remembering how Mom used to go on so about how she hated changing Billy’s diapers when he was a baby. Billy-he’s my younger brother-really gave her a lot of trouble on the toilet training bit and it ran her ragged. I don’t know why she popped into my mind when I was doing that, but I kept wondering just what she’d say if she were to walk into my room and see me there with a finger jammed way up my asshole. I’ll bet that would really have blown her mind but good! “I kept it up for a long time. It seemed that I could make ‘the feeling last however long I wanted and, since it was so blasted good, I really gave myself a reaming. The old way- clit rubbing, what I’d been used to doing- wasn’t even in it, compared to this. I must have fucked myself for nearly an hour that night.

And for almost all of that time I was coming. I simply couldn’t get enough of that wonderful feeling. Finally, when I’d nearly worn myself out, I keeled over and went to sleep.

“I didn’t forget that experience, though. From then on, every time I’ve gone to the john I’ve remembered how good it was. Lots of times I can get a little come whenever a turd comes out, especially if it’s a big one, the kind that really stretches me. It hurts a little, but the hurt isn’t anything compared to the pleasure of feeling my asshole being stretched out. I guess’ if I’d let Jerry shove his’ big cock up me, I’d just have died on the spot! “All the time I was in high school and business school, I kept my little ‘secret to myself. None of the girls I knew ever mentioned their asses, certainly not in the way I liked to use mine. And, as far as I knew, I was really something special. It wasn’t until I’d been in business school here for a few months that I even knew you could fuck in the ass. Some girl told me about gay men and how they put it to each other that way. Even then, I never really thought about flicking like that. I guess I just thought it was something gay guys only did to each other.

"Meanwhile, I just kept on doing it to myself with my finger. It got better and better, the more I thought about it and practiced. And, after a while, I didn't much care whether a guy tried to screw me or not. I mean, I hadn't ever had it that good with a guy, so why bother? I went out on dates a lot but a lot of the time it was just so I'd have somebody to go places with. It sure wasn't for sex! 'Whenever I'd start getting that hungry feeling-the sort that tells you that you're really up for a nice, long come-I'd just arrange to be at my apartment by myself for – a while and I'd have myself the nicest, juiciest come a girl could ever hope to get! I'd just 'lay there on my bed and do it till I couldn't move any more, always just running my finger in and out of my ass.

"The only thing was I began to notice after a while that my ass was getting looser. You know, the finger wasn't stretching me quite as much and I wasn't feeling it as sharply. First I tried using two fingers and that worked 'for a while and then, after that, I began messing around with candles and vibrators and stuff like that. At the time I had that fuck scene with Jerry, I'd just started doing it with two fingers and of course he was a lot bigger than that.

And besides, I still hadn't gotten around to knowing that it was possible.for a man and a woman to fuck that way. So I kept on using my fingers and the other things I'd found to make it for myself.

"One thing I got out of that date with Jerry, though, was a nice memory. You know, I always liked imagining a guy standing in front 'of me with his dick and balls hanging out. I mean, while I was doing it to myself. I'd imagine the guy standing there in front of me, just waving his cock at 'me, and the idea would make me start tingling all over. But after that date with Jerry, when he made me jack him off and spray his come all over my tummy and boobs, I started seeing it different. The guy would be standing in front of me," but 'this time he'd be, jacking himself off, see, and I'd be fingering my ass, or working the vibrator in and out. And then, just about the time I'd be ready to get my own come, I'd see him straighten up and that cock would start just pumping the cream out, shooting all over my body! It was just wonderful, imagining that.

And it would make the climax ever so much better for me every time."

Geraldine B- was a twenty-four year old secretary for a local hospital when she recorded the case history we are presenting here. A tall, radiant redhead with a good figure, she spoke freely of her sexual history and of relevant portions of her life. Although her education had been fairly limited, she had applied herself diligently at the business school which she had attended, and had earned herself a reputation as a diligent, conscientious worker.

A widely known writer on sexual problems once noted that anal

intercourse “holds an attraction for some men because the rectum is associated with that which is ‘unclean’-thus, the greater the taboo, the greater the eroticism. Some women enjoy being subjected to sodomistic practices because of their strong masochistic component.” (Caprio, Variations in Sexual Behavior, p. 268.) There is no reason to ‘suppose that men are unique in associating the anus with the “unclean.” Indeed, Geraldine’s case history clearly indicates that she makes just that association. Her account also shows a strongly masochistic element in her emotional makeup. That is, she exemplifies “a sexual deviation characterized by an erotic desire to suffer pain or humiliation.” (Ibid., p.

A variety of questions immediately came to mind when we begin considering the information available in Geraldine's case history. First we might ask, how did she come to associate the anus •with "uncleanness?" The answer, of course, is that she was taught to do so. Her' mother's impatience at having to change diapers for her little brother (an impatience which she probably registered when Geraldine was an infant too) must have provided a powerful impetus for Geraldine's conclusion that the anus and defecation were undesirable and "unclean." This is not an unusual attitude in our country, where our drive for cleanliness-especially in, the bathroom and -its related functions-is so marked.

We must also consider how she came to need physical debasement and humiliation.

There can be little doubt that she responded ardently to cruel treatment. Her reaction to being ejaculated upon by Jerry, the motorcycle rider who subjected her to quasi-rape, shows this only too well. Her subsequent utilization of the same image, of a man ejaculating upon her naked body, reinforces the point that shows how effectively the notion stimulated her. There is a good possibility that she identified a man's ejaculation with urination. In that case the point could be made all the stronger.

Psychologists often note that the arrival of a new baby breeds trouble for any older children in the family. Geraldine never stated that she felt rejected because of her new brother but she would be exceptional indeed if the birth had not left its mark upon her psyche. Her mother's excessive concern with toilet training and anal functions would also have contributed to the girl's anxieties and helped push her to the belief that she was somehow inadequate or unworthy.

Such a belief could easily carry with it a feeling of guilt and consequently a need for penance; Geraldine's preoccupation with large penises, as well as her fantasies concerning ejaculating males, combine to give us a very strong suggestion that she conceived of sexual activity as a way of absolving the guilt she had been made to feel.

The pain she had associated with intercourse, whether vaginal or anal, with a man whose penis was very large could well have been pleasing to her. Though many readers may doubt that true pleasure can be found through a painful experience, the fact is that this is very possible. At the same time, however, "we have to remember that it is only within limits that a woman really enjoys the pain, discomfort, or subjection to which she submits. A little pain which the man knows he can himself soothe a little pain which the woman gladly accepts as the

sign and forerunner of pleasure-this degree of pain comes within- the normal limits of love and is rooted, as we have seen, in the experience of the race… A woman may desire be forced, to be roughly forced, to be ravished away beyond her own will. But all the time she only desires to be forced toward those things which are essentially and profoundly agreeable to her." (Ellis, Studies in the Psychology of Sex, vol. I, part 2, p. 101). As we shall see in a subsequent portion of her case history, Geraldine eventually found herself being pressured, into anal intercourse and she then discovered that it was very agreeable to her. We might almost say that her early experiences with anal digital masturbation were simply preparing her for the ultimate sexual experience in her life, anal intercourse, a penis penetrating her rectum. Geraldine's fascination with her anus as an outlet for her sexual desires appears to have been more symbolical than functional. That is, she did not desire anal stimulation because of the pleasurable sensations accompanying it- though these were definitely noticeable but because of the pleasure she derived from imagining it. This contention is best proved by referring to her fondness for fantasizing while masturbating. As Kinsey, et al. pointed out in their massive work on Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, females are far less prone to fantasy during masturbation or intercourse than are males. (pp. 164-5 and 665-8). Geraldine's heavy reliance upon fantasies-which can include actual memories; they need not be fictitious-shows that she acutely responded to stimuli provided by her own mind. This propensity to rely upon her mind as well as her nerve endings as a source of sexual stimulation is further demonstrated in a portion of her case history to be presented below.

Some readers will wonder why our subject delayed so long her introduction to anal intercourse. As we shall see, Geraldine was twenty-three when she was initiated into sodomy. This was approximately ten years after she had begun to masturbate anally. Her own explanation that she did not know such acts were possible, makes a good bit of sense. We must remember that a great many people are abysmally ignorant of even the most elementary knowledge concerning sexuality and that, due to the great secrecy surrounding the subject, accurate knowledge is not easy to come by. Many people are very reluctant to seek knowledge, especially concerning forms of those sexual acts declared outside the pale of respectability by society. Like many other Americans, Geraldine had been taught to believe that sexual intercourse involved penises and vaginas, nothing more. The story of how she came to learn differently will now be told.

"It started almost as soon as I got lifted out of the secretarial pool and started -working in the lab. Herb, the head -technician, was a real stud and he really gave – all the girls there a hard time. Some other

hard things too! I hadn't been there more than three or four days when he started giving me those suggestive looks and rubbing against me every chance he got. I remember once he called me over to his workbench and had me look through his microscope at some cancer tissue. I bent over the microscope and he got right up behind me, pressing his prick up against the cheeks of my ass. Wow, did I ever get a horny feeling out of that! "Sure enough, he asked me out for a date and I accepted. We went to a place for dinner, and then to another place for a few drinks and some dancing. We ended up back at his apartment and went to bed. It wasn't anything special, that first time with him. Or, at least, I didn't think so, but something about me got him excited and he started seeing a lot of me after that. Within a couple of weeks I was practically living with him! You know, over at his place -every night. Or else he'd come over to my efficiency. And, usually, we'd spend the whole night together. And it was every night too, not just once or twice a week. He sure loved to get between my legs and drive that tool of his home! "Herb had a pretty nice sized prick on him. Though it wasn't much compared to that monster of a tool Jerry had! I sort of liked for him to drive it up in me, even if 1 didn't get a very good come out of it. But he just kept right on shoving it home every night. Finally he began to notice that I was only enjoying it a little, not a whole lot, and he asked me what was wrong. I made up a little story about how we weren't doing it the way I liked it best; that I couldn't make it so good with him on top of me.

"I like to get on my side," I told him, "and reach down behind with one hand so I can feel it going in and out of me."

"That was just pure nonsense, of course, but I felt that I had to say something. I couldn't come right out and tell him that it was best for me when I was doing it to myself with a finger up my ass! Or that I needed a guy with a dick about the size of a table leg! He surprised me, though, and said that we'd do it my way. I was expecting him to tell me that if I didn't like the way he screwed I could find myself a new boyfriend. That really put it up to me, him agreeing like that, and I had to deliver the goods.

"The very first time we tried it 'my*ay," the way I told him about, I didn't quite know what to do. I reached back around and sure enough I could feel that hard rod of his plunging in and out of my cunt. That was sort of nice, feeling it with my hand at the same time that I was getting it rammed into me. But then I wondered why not do it to myself? Just as if I were at home alone? So, I started massaging the rim of my asshole with the tip of a finger. Wow! That was just what I needed! And, believe me it affected me just as though someone had touched an electric line to my whole body! I jerked up against him and let out a scream of pure joy and then I did- it again. The

second time it was even better and Herb was beside himself, he liked it so much. I could see that I'd really stumbled onto something. I just couldn't hold it back any more after I'd made -myself- feel it so strongly twice. I used my middle finger and drove it up into 'my ass as far as I could. I remember thinking to myself, even as I started to-come like I'd never come before, -'Gee, you really "struck oil" that time!"

"Herb was so excited by it all that he never even noticed my finger. He just started whipping his cock in and out of me about ten times faster than before.

And then he 'let go with a great, long, whooping climax that filled me so full of prick and come and happiness that I thought sure I'd pop wide open. I hadn't ever really believed that a woman's pleasure could be so important to a guy.

Most of the guys I'd known seemed to think it was all over when they'd shot their cream.

"You can believe it when I say that Herb and I really started hitting it off then. He was just wonderful and I'd never before heard such things as he said to me when we'd stopped panting and could talk a little. As soon as we'd rested a little he wanted to go again. And I wasn't about to turn him down, so we started in the second time. He'd never even taken his prick out of my cunt or moved off the leg I had under him. The leg was getting a little sore, but I wouldn't have let go of him for the world.

"This time, though, I made a mistake. I thought he wouldn't notice it again if I fingered myself. -But I'd forgotten that he wasn't nearly as ready to come the second time. So, when I shoved in my finger and started making it big, he felt my- finger against his dick and then he knew the truth about me. He didn't say a word, though, and I didn't even realize that he'd found out until it was all over.

"Why didn't you tell me you liked it up the ass?" he asked me when I'd stopped heaving and puffing. "If I'd known, I'd have done it to you there."

"At first I tried to pretend that I didn't know what he was talking about. I was just too uptight about liking that kind of thing and I didn't really think that he could… well… think very much of me once he found out the truth.

He kept on talking, though, and finally I had to give in and admit that he'd found me out.

"Can a guy and a girl really do it that way?" I asked him. "I've heard that guys do it among themselves-the gay ones, I mean but I never imagined that a man would -want to do it to a girl that way."

"Whatever you want," he told me. "If you like it beat in the ass that's exactly where you'll get it!"

"'Have you done it to girls like that before?" I asked. "Is it good for you, doing it that way?"

"He swore that he'd as soon do it that way as the other. All this time, you understand, -we were still- laying together, side by side, and his cock was still in me and it was still as hard as a rock. He started pushing me over onto my back.

"'What are you doing?" I wanted to know.

"I'm going to lay you on your back," he said, "and then I'm going' to take my cock out of your cunt and slide it into your ass. You're going to see that a finger is one thing, but a live, hard prick is something else!"

"He meant just what he said, no doubt of that. I rolled over with him and he eased back to get' h-is prick out of me. I looked down and saw it slipping out.

It was all shiny and wet from my cunt and the come I'd already had. He said that was nice and that it would go in real easy, being already greased up like it was. I had to lift my legs way up high. I held them with- my hands while he knelt down at my rump and guided that tool home. I could hardly believe that this was happening to me, but when I felt the head of his dick nudge the rim of my ass I could tell that he was 'for real. I strained up, trying to see it going in, but of course I couldn't make it. I really felt it though! "'You're tight," he said. "I'll have to push hard and it may hurt for a minute.

"That's all right," I said, "as long as you get it in! Come on, get it in. I want to feel you sliding into my ass!"

"Oh, I was really turned on by that time! Just thinking about it got me fired up all over again. And then when he leaned over me and really started putting the prick to me, forcing the rim of my ass open and shoving that tool into me, I just died on the spot! If what I'd had before, when I'd done it to myself with my finger, if that was a climax, then you're going to have to invent a new word for what I felt when he really started fucking my asshole! Oh, I just went out of my mind, it was so good! "Fuck! Fuck my ass!" I called out, hardly knowing what I was saying. "I want your cock up my ass! I want to feel you come in my ass!"

"I don't know what made me say things like that but I couldn't hold them back.

It seemed that when he started doing it to me that way I lost control of everything. I don't usually say much when I'm with a guy, or I never did any time before, but this was different. Even thinking about what he was doing to me was enough to tear the top of my head off almost. It's always been that way.

I can get really excited by imagining that a guy is doing something to me, showing me his prick, jacking off on me or anything

like that. But now he was really doing it and I could feel him shoving prick all the way up my ass. It was just wonderful. And then, when he started to come and his cock started shooting hot cream, it was a lot better than before, even, and so I just had a marvelous time.

"Herb and I got real close after that first time when he found out all about me. I learned that he was something like me. I mean, he liked to think about groovy things and do them too. He had a tender butt, just like me, and once he asked me to finger-fuck him in the ass while I was sucking him. He really liked for me to go down on him and, while it didn't really do all that much for me, I was happy to do it to him just because he was so damned nice. Once I found out that he liked my finger there, I had a lot of fun with him. I used to lay there for hours, it seemed like, just working my finger in and out of his asshole and working him up for a big come. Usually when I did him like that I'd either let him shoot off in my mouth or maybe on me. He sort of liked to see his come squirting over my boobs and dripping down onto my tummy.

"He was also something of a swinger. You know the people who have parties and everybody starts making out with everybody else? When he told me about that I was a little scared and ashamed. I didn't 'really want anyone else to know about me liking to get fucked in the ass. But Herby convinced me that it was all -right and that everybody else at the parties liked it there too. So I went along with him and that's how I really started to find out about sex. Some of those people at the parties we made, they were just out of sight! I mean, you can't think of anything they wouldn't do to each other. It was just wild, sometimes, when six or eight of us would all get spread out together on a living room floor. Some girls would be sucking and others would be fucking, and sometimes a girl would be doing both at once.

"I remember Susie, this black girl-we were racially integrated, no big thing about that- who just couldn't get enough of any of that kind of action. One time I saw her getting it from three guys at once! She sat down on this white guy, a fellow with a prick like you wouldn't believe, and took him in her ass.

Just the thought of getting reamed out with a tool the size of his made me come, almost, but-she took it without a whimper! Then she got another guy over her, between her legs. He ran his cock up her cunt, making two. And then she took her husband, right after he'd fucked a big, busty redhead almost out of her mind, and sucked him! All three at once, she had them, and that was positively the most exciting thing I'd ever seen in the world! "The sight of a prick going in a woman's cunt or ass that always got to me in the strongest possible way. Especially if the guy was going in her ass. I could watch that forever, I guess. "There's something about that sight that just tears me

up inside. Herb noticed how strongly I reacted to things like that and he was the one who suggested doing something that really turned me around.

"We were at his apartment, just the two of us. And, of course, we were in bed and playing around. He told me that he'd worked out some thing new for us to do. And me, I was just wild to see what it was. He had this big easy chair, you see, and that's where it happened. He sat down in it, with a hard-on like you wouldn't believe, and he had me get up in the chair with my back to him. I lowered myself down and right then I realized what he was working toward.

"He'd put the chair in such a place that we were facing a full length mirror.

It was only six -or eight feet away and I could see -everything! The way I was sitting over him, with my heels resting on the edge of the chair, it brought my pussy up into full view because my knees were-really wide apart. And then there was that love-pole of his sticking up from between his legs like a flagpole. It was aimed straight at me and it looked just fierce! 'I see what you've got in mind now," I said, "and I think it's the greatest ever!"

"'Just let yourself down on my cock," he told me. "Slip your cunt down over it and get it slick. Then we'll move it back to where it will do you a lot of good!"

"You can believe that I was plenty turned on by all this. My pussy was already almost boiling hot and it was turning out love-drip like it was going out of style. I didn't put his prick in me, though I had a better 'idea. I used my fingers, transferring the slick stuff from my cunt to his prick. He thought it was a pretty good idea. He'd twisted his head around so that he could get a good look too, and he could see that I was dipping my fingers into my pussy and then wiping them over the head of his dick. I really enjoyed giving him that hand job, except that I was intending it to be only a warm-up, not the real thing.

"He got so turned on that I had to-stop handling him for a little while or he'd have popped off right there in my hand. Not that that would have been so bad an idea, actually. Later on I did him that way a couple of times, working him with my fingers so that he'd shoot off all over my pussy and ass. This time, though, I wanted the real thing, all the way in. And I made sure that I didn't work him up too much. I had to wait a minute or two him cool down before I worked his cock into my cunt. I wanted him in there so I could be sure he would be slick enough to go in my ass. I worked myself back and forth on his prick a few times, just so I could see it sliding in and out of my pussy. That's really a fantastic sight. I'll never forget the first time I saw it! "But then he started getting worked up again and I had to stop. I sat there, as still as I could be, until he'd quieted down a little. Then I had

him grab his prick down by the base and hold it still while I moved off him and got myself into position where I could aim my asshole at that prick of his. He was almost dripping with pussy juice when I started and the head nosed into place just as easy as could be. It wasn't until I started working the stiff part of it into me that I could really feel it. Sitting in that position, you know, makes your ass a lot tighter and it seemed as though his prick was twice or maybe three times, as big as it had ever been before.

"I was watching it all in the mirror and I could see it perfectly. The flesh around the mouth of my ass was being pushed in. It didn't want to open up and let him inside. But he was placed right and I knew that if I gritted my teeth and pushed hard enough it would pop into place and then we'd be off to Come City Sure, it was beginning to hurt a little but I didn't mind that. The pain wasn't anything compared to the excitement of knowing that a real, live man was about to fuck me in the ass and that I was going to be able to see every bit of it! "You've got to push harder," he said. "I can't hump it into you, so you're going to have to drive your ass down on my cock!"

"'I'll do it," I promised. "I'll do anything to get you inside my ass!"

"I wasn't lying either. At that moment, after I'd gotten so worked up by seeing him do all those things to me and knowing what else there was left, I guess I'd have torn myself open to finish it. I didn't have to do that, though. I just swung my hips down toward him- and the head of his cock – popped into me just as easy as pie. Well, not all that easy, I guess, because I could- really tell that he'd stretched my ass. But who minds a little thing like that kind of pain? Especially since it doesn't last but just a minute or two. You get used to it after that and it's no problem at all. It's just pleasure of a sort that I couldn't describe. Not even if I knew all the words- in the English language! "Herb was just as turned on as I was and he didn't get more than the head of his prick inside my ass when he started to come. Pow! Zap! Great big, thick shots of come, stronger than any I'd ever felt before. And it went on and on, till I thought sure he couldn't have any more cream left in his balls. When he felt it start he just groaned, as if I'd fastened a pipe wrench onto his prick, instead of my ass, and then he really let me have it.

"Naturally I was coming too-. Who wouldn't have let go with a climax when something that great was happening to you? It just spread all, over me, kind of like a fog, and I could feel it everywhere in my body-even down to my toes, the tips of my fingers, the roots of my hair, every place imaginable! I could still see it all real clear in the mirror in front of me and I could even see that big vein running up-the bottom of his prick. It was swelling and pumping like mad as the

cream shot out of it. And I could feel it almost as well as if it were going off in my mouth! “I didn’t touch my clit or rub my pussy or do anything like that. It was enough, just feeling him go into me and seeing it all. I didn’t have to do a thing except sit there and enjoy it. That, and come. Oh, did I ever come! It just lasted and lasted. Herb himself said that he’d never, not even once, felt a woman come like I did that time. And I guess he’s diddled enough of them to know what he’s talking about. One thing is – for certain: if it had lasted any longer I’d have passed out for sure! – “After a while, when we’d both sort of got over that first big spurt -of joy, we started in again. Herb reached around with his finger and started rubbing the lips of-my pussy. I laid back and watched him work me up. I could see his finger getting wet and I knew that I was building up for another big one.- I was a little uncertain of him because after all, he’d just shot off like only a few guys ever do. But he said that be thought he could make it and even if he couldn’t, he just had to feel me come again like that.

“As it turned out, he didn’t make it. I’d milked all the come out of his balls that first time! He never stopped, though, not even after it became pretty clear that he wasn’t going to be able to come again. He just kept shoving the prick up my ass and stroking my clit until I let go with another monstrous come. It didn’t ‘last quite as long as that first one and it wasn’t quite as strong. But, even at that, it was a lot better than any I’d ever bad before, either with a guy or by myself.

“Herb showed me that he was really interested in me. I mean, not just as something to fuck-though he was sure keen on that!-but also as a human being. I ended up telling him nearly everything about myself, even down to the time when I discovered that my ass was really sensitive and could be used for fun. And he let me know a good bit more about himself. He really liked to talk about things like that and be also liked seeing- me do it to myself. I was terribly shy about that and at first I really hated to admit that I was a finger-dipper, but he convinced me that it wasn’t all that bad. It ‘, wasn’t very long before I’d gotten up my nerve enough to show him how I did it to myself.

“He convinced me by giving himself a hand job one Saturday afternoon when we were sitting around his apartment watching a football game. He’d been after me for a while to show’ him how I did it, and I always turned him down. But, after a while, he just took hold of his cock we were already naked, we’d been screwing and we were laying in bed watching TV-and started pumping his- fist up and down the stem of the big, hard thing. I thought he was just showing off at first but pretty soon he came on real strong.

“‘I’m going to come!” he gasped. “Do you want to suck it… do you want to blow me?”

“No, why don’t you shoot off on me?” I said, twisting around so I

could get my face up close to his cock. “Shoot the come on my boobs!”

“He really dug that idea and he moved a little, just enough to get his dick aimed in the right direction. And he kept on stroking that big love rod. It wasn’t long before it came, and when it did he just drenched my nipples with come! I felt wonderful, laying there under him and feeling that warm, thick stuff shoot down on me. I started fingering my clit and then, once I’d gotten really hungry for it, I moved my finger down to my asshole and I finished myself off the way. Herb watched it, every bit, and he said it was just total sex. I believed him after that.”

Some readers undoubtedly will be offended by this look at Geraldine’s most intimate sexual desires and practices. They- will accuse her of sexual abnormality and brand her a pervert. This judgment may have the approval of the Establishment and could be justified in a legal sense, but it has little merit from the psychiatric viewpoint. It is the opinion of a very respected authority “that any individual who can only, under all circumstances, enjoy one particular form of sexual activity; anyone who is compulsively or obsessively fixated on one single mode of sexual behavior; anyone who is fearfully and rigidly bound to any exclusive form of sexual participation,; that individual is unquestionably sexually abnormal, perverted or neurotic.” (Ellis, Albert.

Sex Without Guilt. New York: Grove Press, 1965. pp. 136-187).

The key words in that quotation were those in italics. While Geraldine can achieve the greatest sexual pleasure only through anal intercourse, she does not restrict herself to that mode. She occasionally fellates her boyfriends and also performs vaginal intercourse, though her enjoyment of these is never very marked. Within the strict framework of deviancy as defined above, she would have to be labeled as “non-deviant.” For all that, she definitely has problems in the sexual area. As we have seen, the source of these problems lies rooted in her past. The chances of her overcoming those problems and learning to function sexually in a more orthodox pattern are very slight, especially since she does not want to change. Without the desire to change, little can be accomplished.

Chapter Five Terri H.

"Ever since I can remember, almost, Madge has had this fear that. I'm going to lose my cherry. Madge, she's my stepmother but you'd think that she'd given birth to me herself, she's so protective! Maybe she's just trying extra hard to see that I don't get into serious trouble, though I sometimes think that there's something else working in her mind. The way she carries on you'd think that the worst possible thing that could happen to a girl would be for her to get screwed.

"What makes it even more ironic is that Madge herself is one of the most sex-minded women I've ever known or heard about. For a while I didn't know that. You see, she married Daddy when I was seven-my real mother had died about three years before-and for a while I honestly didn't know how to take her. I'll say this for her-she isn't a hypocrite! When I finally caught on to the meaning of those sounds that came out of their bedroom every night and confronted her with it she never even blinked.

"What's so awful about doing things with a fellow?" I asked her one morning when she'd launched into one of her lectures about how awful it was to let a fellow do it to you. "You and Daddy do it to each other, don't you? You both seemed to be enjoying it last night!"

"Of course we were," she admitted. "It's a wonderful thing, making love.

There's no reason why we shouldn't enjoy it. I'm sorry, though, that we disturbed you."

"She went on to give me a long song-and-dance about how screwing was really an expression of love and that when two people screwed without being in love it was just an expression of animal lust. There were some more arguments she handed out but I don't want to get into all that right now. The essence of her point was that screwing is not for kids. You've got to be grown up before you can do it.

"I don't know why it is but every time I've ever heard that old crap about 'Wait till you get older, you're not mature enough," I've just wanted to get into it all the more. Look at it this way-with the Pill being so available, you're not likely to get pregnant, right? And if you watch what you're doing, check the guy out a little and look for the signs, you're not going to get the clap or the syph, are you? And even if you do, what's the big worry? A couple of shots of penicillin or something and you're as good as new. I know several of my friends had the clap and they're not any the worse for it.

"Finally there's the big thing about Madge's way of looking at things. I've got this cherry and she swears that I've got to keep it for my husband. But what if I don't get a husband? What if I decided to

work a while after college before I get married? Christ, the dumb thing could rot off by that time. The kids would talk about me carrying a museum piece between my legs! Can you feature anyone making so much out of a little piece of membrane? It doesn't make much sense to me.

"From what I can gather, I'm something of a rarity. I don't mean just because I'm still a virgin, though that's bad enough. I mean because I've got this cherry. The stuff I've read and the girls I've talked to all agree pretty well that it's a biological accident, having one. I don't know where Madge picked up this phobia of hers, that fixation or whatever you want to call it, but she's determined that I'm going to keep mine intact. And all this when most of the girls I know never had one to start with! Why, Julie Monroe-she's my best friend, I guess-she swore that she never had one at all and I believe her. She says that when her periods started she began using tampons and never noticed a thing. It was the same way when she first spread for a fellow. He just slipped the prick to her and she never felt anything pop or rip or tear. And I could name you several other girls who've had just about the same experience.

"You might say, 'Why don't you go ahead and do it with Ken, or Ricky, or Phil, or some other guy, and just pretend that it never happened?" Well, that's where it gets sort of complicated. I'm a little ashamed to say this but the fact is, I can't go ahead like that. In the first place, neither Daddy nor Madge want me to let a fellow do it to me and I hate to disappoint them. In the second place Madge checks me regularly. Yes, after every date, we'll go into my bedroom and I have to spread out and let her run her finger up my hole so she can be sure the cherry is 'still there! "A lot of people will probably think that's just awful and maybe they're right, I don't know. I don't mind that so much, letting her see me and run her finger in my hole. After all, we're all nudists-that's where Daddy met Madge, at a nudist lodge up in the mountains- and we've never been very shy about letting other people see our bodies. The main objection I have is that it's just… well kind of humiliating, laying there and having her check me out. The only nice thing about it is that she's got a nice touch. I sort of like the way she does it, especially if I've been out with a guy and we've been acting horny.

"You might think I'm rather silly for putting up with it but, damn it, they're nice people in spite of their obsession with cherries and that stuff. I just hate to have it out with them. And besides, it isn't as if I were missing all that much, I guess. You know, Madge showed me how to finger myself off. Yes, she came through herself and told me that if I became really excited, so much so that I might feel like giving in to a fellow and letting him screw me, I ought to just ram my hand

between my legs and do myself! I'm pretty good at that. I like to imagine myself in bed with a handsome man, usually someone in his late thirties or early forties, and we're doing all those groovy things to each other. Except that all the while I've got both fingers over my clit, running down beside it, and after a while I get so excited that all I have to do is just nudge my hips upward a little and rub my pussy into my fingers, and wham! There it is, just rolling out of me! "Except that all this 'doesn't set too well with the fellows. So far I haven't met a single boy my own age that has the slightest understanding of the position I'm in. Madge says that's because they're so fired up that they can't think of anything but fuck, fuck, and fuck! And I believe she's right there.

I'll have to give her credit for that. Usually my experiences with guys all run to just about the same pattern.

"For the first few dates everything is all right and we're progressing about like every other couple at Miller High. The guy will take me to a football game or two, 'maybe some dances, and we'll love it up afterward, usually in his car.

After the third or fourth date we've gotten to a pretty intimate stage. I don't believe in letting a fellow get too intimate until we've been out three or four times. And then it begins to get sticky. I usually manage to put them off for a while and to get by with just giving them hand jobs. I just love the feel of a prick in my hands, so hard and hot, and I'm real good at jerking them off. I know how to rub myself up against a fellow while we're kissing, letting him know that I really dig him, and I let him see that I'm getting hot too.

Generally, by the time I open their pants and get that tool out they're already dripping. And it doesn't take but just a few strokes and they're popping off, shooting come all over the place.

"Some of the fellows have brought me off too, with their hands. But most of the boys I've dated don't really know how it's done. I mean, all they can imagine is getting one or two fingers into a girl's cunt and then working them back and forth-just as though they were fucking her with their pricks. But that doesn't work for me. I'm afraid, first, of having my cherry ripped open and, second, I just don't like that kind of finger action. God knows, I've tried often enough to show guys what I wanted them to do but most of them just can't seem to understand that all I want is a finger on either side of my clitty. That's all it takes, honest! But they want to get so frantic and work against me so hard that I just can't make it.

"As for the French stuff, you can forget that! The guys in high school are supposed to be a pretty sophisticated bunch but, let me tell you, they all think it's just awful if a girl even so much as looks like she wants to suck them! And as for going down on a girl, forget it!

They wouldn't eat pussy if they were starving to death and the pussy was covered with catsup! "It wasn't until last year, when I started my junior year in high school, that my situation began to improve. The irony of it is that it began picking up just at the moment when I felt lowest of all! Maybe I should take a little time to explain that."

"The first thing you have to understand is that I'd started working as a part-time secretary for Mr. Harvey, who's an assistant principal at M- High.

He's just extra nice, so handsome and cool, and I really felt honored that he'd picked me out. You see, we have this system there which allows the principals and some of the other bigwigs to select student secretaries from the M Society, which is sort of an honor group. We get paid a little for doing the work but that isn't the reason we do it, of course. I guess it's always been that way at M- and we look on it as an honor. At least I do.

"Well, I'd been working for' Mr. Harvey for about a month and I'd grown to like him a lot. In some ways he reminds me a lot of my father very good looking, very positive, very much a man of the world. Anyway, after I'd been working there a while, I got the word from Bo, my latest boyfriend. He said he was tired of being jerked off and that, if I wouldn't put out for him, he was going to find himself a girl who would. I'd heard that before, of course, and I was sort of expecting it, but still it doesn't make a girl feel very good to be shot down like that.

"BO had given me the word just after Chemistry, my last class of the day, when I was on my way to Mr. Harvey's office. I was pretty broken up about it, naturally, and when I got to the office he could see that I'd been crying. He wanted to know what was coming off. At first I tried to pretend that nothing was wrong but he wouldn't buy that. It was just too obvious that something was wrong. Finally I just broke down and told him everything I mean, I really laid it on the line, all of it, even down to the bit about Madge being so obsessed with my cherry. I was crying like a baby. "I couldn't help that. And the next thing I knew I had my head on his shoulder. Mr. Harvey's a really kind, understanding sort of person and you just know, right from the start, that you can trust him all the way. He's the sort of man you can really talk to and you know he won't go blabbing it around and getting you' into trouble.

"Well, the next thing I knew he was holding me in his arms and me, I could feel his prick against my thigh. I've been in enough clinches with guys that I 'know when a fellow has a hard-on and there was no mistaking this one! He's really hung, you know, and that thing was just sticking out all over. I was never so surprised as when I realized that he'd actually raised a stiff. Over me? He felt that way

about me? It was really a mind blower! “One thing led to another and the next thing I knew we were kissing. I’d ‘been very horny all day. Bo and I had had a long love scene the night before and I’d come away from it feeling pretty raunchy. I’d woken up that morning in the same mood and now, with us kissing and me feeling his cock against me, I just couldn’t keep it back. I was rubbing my nipples against him and sort of dry humping on his leg and we were kissing-really hot kisses, running our tongues into each other’s mouth and all that-and then POW! I just let go with a really hard come! I collapsed against him. It nearly melted my legs, it was so strong, and I could feel the come just gushing out of my pussy and drenching my panties. “I’d opened my legs up so I could get them around his thigh and I just went wild, humping his leg and working it all out till I’d really had myself a fine come.

“What can you say after you’ve brought your-self off like that? I mean, you can’t just pretend that it never happened-it was far too obvious for that. I couldn’t hide it and at that moment I didn’t really want to. I just leaned up against him and we kept on kissing. After a little while I felt him rubbing his hands over my rump and that was as exciting as if he’d been fingering my joy-button. He hadn’t come; he still had that ferocious hard-on, and it was still boring into my thigh. And I could feel myself getting warmed up all over.

I just turned around a little so that he could rub between my legs if he wanted to.

“Pull my dress up if you want,” I said, taking the bit in my teeth. “I like the feel of your hands!”

“He did it and I opened up a little so he could get his hand up between my’ legs. Oh, he had a marvelous touch-not too hard and in just the right place for me to get going again. I just stood there and worked myself off once more, fucking my pussy into his fingers. Even through my panties it felt good. I was sort of’ hoping maybe he’d run his hand inside them or go in through the leg, but it was plenty good just the way it was. In no time at all I was creaming again and this time it was even better than it had been before.

“I never did it so good!” I told him when the tremors had died out in my cunt.

“It was absolutely marvelous!”

“I’ve been wanting to do that for a long time,” he told me.

“Just that?” I asked, feeling pretty much the ‘flirt’.

“And other things,” he admitted.

“I’d like to do them too,” I said, ‘but I’m afraid to let you do them to me. I know I’d love them, but I’m afraid.”

“You don’t have to worry about losing your cherry,” he said. “We can’ do a lot of things together and still leave it alone.”

"That really got me interested and I wanted to know all about it. I also wanted to know what about his wife-I wasn't at all sure what he was leading up to.

Maybe he was one of those guys who was getting tired of his wife and wanted a younger model. I didn't want any of that-I just wanted to have a good time, that's all.

"Don't worry about Amy," he told me. "She understands perfectly. In fact, she'd probably love it if I brought you home. Would you mind that? Being with me while she watched? She really digs that, you know."

"No, I didn't know that. You've guessed it- him and his wife were both swingers! You know the kind of people that go to sex parties? I'd never have imagined it of them, but that's what he said; I didn't feel that I could just jump in right away with that and I told him so. He said he understood and that we could play it by ourselves for a while. Naturally I was red-hot to get on with my education but he said the school's office wasn't the best place for that- we'd have to go somewhere else. I was willing to meet him at night, except that he was tied up that night, and the next one too. We figured out, though, that we could' meet, on Saturday and spend a lot of time in the country some place.

"That's the way it was-he picked me up about nine that Saturday morning and we drove way out into the back end of nowhere. He found a really secluded lane and we drove up it, then parked and got the blanket out. I was just wild for it.

Sitting there next to him had really gotten me turned on and I couldn't wait to get started. He wanted me to strip for him and I did, though I thought that was' really strange, undressing in front of a guy, especially with him being the same age as my daddy, almost. But it was also very exciting. Seeing his eyes light up when I pulled off the top and opened my bra- that was really great, seeing how he enjoyed looking at my breasts. And when I unzipped my jeans all the way, so he could see I wasn't wearing any panties that was great too! His eyes just about raped me and I could feel that I was getting hotter and hotter.

"Now lie down and show' me how you do it to yourself," he said.

"At first I tried to pretend that I didn't know what he was talking about but I could see I wasn't convincing him so I went ahead and did it. He thought it was real groovy, the way I do it without moving much of anything, and it got him pretty turned on too. Then he started undressing and, when he pulled off his underwear and turned around so I could see his cock, I almost came just by looking at him! He's hung like nobody I ever saw and it's a lovely prickstraight and thick with a great, broad head on the end.

“What are you going to do?” I asked.

“I’m going to show you how a girl can have a good time and never get fucked,” he said. “I’m going to fuck you with my tongue!”

“Geez, that was out of sight! He got over me and ‘started nibbling around on my thighs. I was almost creaming even before he ever touched my snatch with his tongue. But when he slipped that tongue over my button, I just flipped right out! It ran all over me, the feeling from that contact, and before I knew it I was pushing his head between my ‘legs and fucking up to his mouth and then I was just coming from head to foot, literally. He really sucked me off, he did, and I thought it was going to last forever.

“Now you’re going to suck me off,” he said. “Take my cock in your mouth and lick it- you’ll love it!”

“You know something? He was right! It was the first time I’d ever gone down on a fellow but, my Lord, it was just out of sight, right from the moment when he peeled the ski back from the head and shoved his cock in my mouth. I didn’t know very much about sucking but he told me what to do and I did it. He asked me did ‘I want him to pull it out when he. started to come and I nodded ‘yes’ but when it happened, the sight of that big thing spewing cream out was just so fucking sexy I couldn’t help myself. I pulled him back and started licking him again, running my mouth own on his cock and sucking as hard as I could. I wanted to feel him shooting hot, thick, juicy come into me! “We met a couple of more times after that, usually on the weekend during the day, and we had a couple of pretty steamy love sessions in his office late in the afternoon when everyone else had gone home. He finger fucked me out of my mind, almost, and sucked me off too, on those occasions. I couldn’t keep my mouth off his cock. Feeling that big, hard, hot rod slide into my mouth was just the sexiest thing ever and I couldn’t get enough of it. I didn’t mind the taste of come a bit. In fact, after the first time, I sort of liked it and now I don’t think there’s anything better.

“On one of those Saturday meetings be told me that he’d just fucked Amy, his wife, before be left to pick me up. He hadn’t washed his cock off or anything, so it would still taste of cunt and fucking, and that got me so horny I tried giving him a blow job while we drove’ out to our parking place! I didn’t make it. He wouldn’t come while he was driving. But I really dug the taste of a cunty-flavored prick and, when we got there, I did myself while I sucked him off. What a blast that was!”

One frequently encounters cases in which one would like to interview not only the subject but’ her family as well. This desire is especially strong in studying the case of Terri H-, an attractive sixteen year old high school girl.

There is no doubt that Terri's father, a prosperous contractor, wanted to provide well for his daughter. He could have sent her to an exclusive boarding school. Instead she chose to attend the 'public 'high school in her suburb, a school with a fine reputation. As' we' have already seen, the school's outstanding record did not prevent one of its officials from effecting a liaison with the girl.

Madge, Terri's stepmother, is an especially interesting figure. What about hen concern for the girl's virginity? Was it a sincere concern? Or were there, perhaps, other and less creditable motives behind her curious actions? Possibly there was a latent homosexual attraction between the girl and her stepmother.

Terri herself admitted that she rather enjoyed Madge's periodic checks to ascertain the continued existence of the hymeneal membrane. Moreover, one cannot help feeling dubious about the good intentions of a stepmother who teaches a girl how to masturbate. Possibly there was something of the sexual exhibitionist in Madge.

Lacking the opportunity to probe more deeply into the psychiatric makeup of the family, we must concentrate our attention upon Terri herself. As is so often the case, Sigmund Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, provides the framework in which we can best understand Terri's sexual development. Freud speaks of "the castration complex," the discovery by little girls that they are not like little boys-specifically, they 'lack the penis-and goes on to note, "very different is the effect of the castration complex on the girl She acknowledges the fact of her castration, the consequent superiority, of the male and her own inferiority, but she also rebels against these unpleasant facts. So, divided in her mind, she may follow one of three lines of development. The first leads to her turning her back on sexuality altogether. The budding, woman, frightened by the comparison of herself with boys, becomes dissatisfied with her clitoris and gives up her phallic activity and there with her sexuality in general and a considerable part of her masculine proclivities in other fields. If she pursues the second line, she clings in obstinate self-assertion to her threatened masculinity; the hope of getting a penis sometime is cherished to an incredibly late age and becomes the aim of her life, whilst the fantasy of really being a man, in spite of everything, often dominates long periods of her life. This 'masculinity complex' may also result in a manifestly homosexual object-choice.

Only if her development follows the third, very circuitous path does she arrive at the 'ultimate normal feminine attitude in which she takes her father as love object, and thus arrives at the Oedipus complex in its feminine form. Thus, in women, that complex represents the final result of a lengthy process of development; castration does not destroy but rather creates it, and it escapes the

strong hostile influences which, in men, tend to its destruction-in fact, only too often a woman never surmounts 'it at all." (Freud, "Female Sexuality," reprinted in Sexuality and the Psychology of Love, pp.' 198-9, Philip Rieff, editor) Terri obviously rejected the first of the three alternatives mentioned by Freud. That is, she emphatically did not turn away from her own sexuality.

However," she seems to have vacillated between the second and the third choices. The second alternative would obviously lead to the formation of a homosexual personality. As we have seen, there is more than a hint of a homosexual attraction between Terri and her stepmother. As we shall see in a later portion of her case history, a similar attachment developed between her and Amy, the wife of the assistant principal already mentioned.

It is the relationship between Terri and the assistant principal, Mr.

Harvey-though they were extremely intimate, she never referred to him by his first name-which must occupy most of our attention. Terri has already mentioned a more than superficial similarity between Harvey and her father, a comparison which naturally brings to mind the implication of incest. We think it is very possible that this likeness between the two men bad a great deal to do with Terri's enthusiastic response to his advances: in fact, it would not be too much to say that, in making love with Harvey, she was actually forming a close physical tie with her own father, at least on the symbolic level.

The reader may already have noticed that, while Terri professed a great deal of admiration and respect for her father, so much so that she declined to allow her hymen to be ruptured in order not to disappoint him, she never said much about him as a person. We submit that this curious fact indicates, first, a very strong emotional attachment to her father, but, second, a strong reluctance to allow it to come out into the open. It is quite possible, in other words, that Terri subconsciously felt a strong physical attachment to her father but refused to reveal it. This attraction later surfaced in her very erotic relationship with a father-substitute, Harvey. Thus Terri took both the second and the third alternatives suggested by Freud! The death of Terri's mother and her understandable inability to accept Madge as a full substitute contributed to this curious outcome, we can safely assume.

Dr. Benjamin Karpman, a noted authority, corroborates our suspicion that Terri saw in Harvey a substitute for her father. He also provides a clue to another development to be chronicled in a subsequent portion of her case history.

Karpman points out that "the patient, confronted with an

incestuous fixation on the one hand and the incest barrier on the other, finds it necessary to affect a compromise that enables him to avoid or circumvent direct incestuous activities but nevertheless permits him to indulge his incestuous desires indirectly and perhaps symbolically. Thus, a man who has a fixation on his mother is terrified not only- at the idea of having sexual relations with her, but even at the idea of having them with any other woman, because every woman is, actually or potentially, a mother and therefore brings to mind a picture of his own mother. Since libido must find an outlet, he resorts to the expedient of indulging in sex relations that will completely exclude the vaginal orifice.

Consequently, he may indulge in fellatio, cunnilingus, pederasty, which to him, appears to completely remove the chosen activity from any implication of incest." (Quoted in Capnio, Variations in Sexual Behavior, pp. 190-1.) We believe that Terri conforms to this pattern and that she eagerly accepted the injunctions to preserve her hymen. She did so because orthodox sexual intercourse would have seemed too much like incest and thus she sought recourse in other forms of sexual behavior. Thus, when anal- intercourse was suggested to her, she eagerly seized upon it as a way of having her cake and eating it too.

"Every time we got together, Mr. Harvey and me, he would ask me if I wanted to go over to his house to have our fun. For a while I wouldn't go. I just couldn't bring myself to do those things with him while his wife was look big on. Finally he convinced me by showing me some pictures someone had made. He was lying on a bed and some really gorgeous blonde chick was going down on him.

Right next to him was his wife-I knew her when I saw her-and she had her mouth full of cock! After that I believed him when he said that they weren't hung up about doing things like that and so I said that I'd go along with him. We set it up for the next Saturday and that was that.

"When I got there Amy herself met me at the door. She was wearing a negligee that really showed off her body like the movies do, and she had a hell of a body to show off. And you could see that she was really turned on by it all.

"Come on in," she told me, holding the door open. "We're back in the bedroom getting ready. I'm sure you'll have a wonderful time. You mustn't feel self-conscious or anything. Just relax, make yourself comfortable and enjoy it."

"What can you say to that? I mean, I'd come there to ball' her husband and she rolls out the red carpet! Jeez, that's some kind of hospitality! I beaded off in the direction she pointed, out -and she said she'd be along in a minute. I went on down the hallway and turned

into the bedroom she'd mentioned. He was there, lying on top of the covers with his cock spread out across his tummy like a gigantic snake. I stepped into the room and just seeing him like that, it made me queasy all over.

"Come on in," he told me. "Amy will be back in a few minutes. Why don't you take off your clothes and join me?"

"I couldn't have done anything but take off my clothes, once he'd asked me. It was like I was some kind of robot, programmed to do everything he suggested. If someone had said to me beforehand that I'd be undressing In front of a man when his wife was somewhere in the house, about to come into the same room with us,I'd have said he was out of his gourd. But here I was doing it! I peeled, and when I was absolutely bare I was already so hot I could barely stand it.

"You're really beautiful!" I heard Amy say. She'd slipped into the room and hadn't even heard her! "Yes, you're really something!"

"If that wasn't something, standing there stark naked and both of them looking me over! I know, I've got a pretty good body and my breasts, especially, are good-they really' stand out, you know, and when I get turned on they're just as firm as can be-so I knew they weren't putting me on, they really meant what they said.

"Go over to him," Amy said to me. "Take his cock in your mouth. He likes to be sucked."

"I knew that and I also knew that I liked going down on him. His cock was so big I could hardly get it in my mouth and I could never get more than halfway down on it, it's so long, but I just love trying. She watched me eat him for a minute and then she said for me to get over him so he could lick my pussy too.

I turned around and did it. She moved so that she could see 'my pussy and she really raved about it. I could see out of the corner of my eye that she was fingering her own twat while she was watching. She's the sort who just loves rubbing the lips of her pussy together while she's watching something really sexy.

"He sucked me off and it was just fine! I was so steamed up, of course, that I popped off nearly as soon as he touched me with his tongue. All it took was just a couple of little flicks up and down the slit and I was gone, just creaming like I'd never done it before. That was part of their plan, I later figured out: to make me have a real quick one so I'd get over being uptight while they were both on the bed with me. It worked. As soon, as I'd recovered a little from that come, I felt a lot more 'at ease with them, and I didn't feel so ashamed any more.

"There's nothing like 'a good climax to take away a person's selfishness," Amy told me. When you've come like that in front -of your friends, 'there's no reason to hold back anything any longer!"

“You’re right,” I had to admit. “You’ve seen me come, and that really breaks the ice, I guess.”

“She was still fingering herself, slow and easy, and I could see that she was really turned on by it all. Her fingers were dripping wet from the pussy drip she’d turned out and the lips- great, thick flaps of meat that looked like they’d really be sensitive-were just covered with that clear oil a womanproduces when she’s really up for screwing or something.

“Could I ask you something personal?” she said, getting up on her knees but still keeping that one hand in place. “I’ve never felt a cherry. Would you mind if I felt of yours? Please?” ‘If you want to,” I-said.

“He was still under me, of- course, and he opened me up with his hands, pulling the lips of my pussy apart and making it easier for her to run a finger into the mouth of my cunt. She felt around and, when she was satisfied, she pulled her finger out and then she’ licked it off! Man, that was really something, looking at, her’ lick her own finger after she’d had it in my cunt! That really got to me! Then she wanted me to turn around and get over him so I could rub the head of his dick over my pussy.

“You don’t have to worry about him coming,” she said. “But I guess you already know that he holds off his come as long as he wants to. Why don’t you try getting over him and running just the head of his cock into the mouth of your cunt? Not enough to burst that precious cherry, of course, just enough to give yourself a good feeling? I love seeing his prick nosing into a sweet, hot pussy!”

“What a weird idea! I got turned on just hearing her say it. I didn’t want to do it, because I was afraid that, once I’d gotten that far, I’d lose control and let myself go down on him too far and then I’d pop my own cherry! They had an answer for that, though they got me on my back and’ he got over ‘me. He knew he wasn’t likely to ram it in thoughtlessly and split me. Besides, they had me hold my legs way up high, almost up beside my own head and, once I’d gotten into that position, I could hardly move at all. He got over me and let me tell you that was great! Feeling him touch that big, hard, hot cock to my pussy was just wonderful! And when he- opened my cunt up with it, running it down just far enough to touch the cherry, I was out of my head, it was so fucking good! I got another come, of course, and they seemed to enjoy it a lot, being there and helping me get those climaxes, one after the other. He was getting horny too and he said he was going to have to let go with a come himself.

“Give it to me!” she said, scooting around so she could get her head in between his tummy and mine. Puck her till you’re almost there and then jack off in my mouth!”

“Jeez, what a wild pair they were! You know, seeing him at school you’d never think he was such a cunt hound. And Amy, she usually seemed pretty mild too.

But let me- tell you, once they got into, the bedroom they were totally different! Can you imagine, a wife making her husband do a thing like that? I know- some pretty hot chicks at school and some of the guys had a reputation for being far out, though I didn’t really believe that, but this pair was just out of, sight! -I’m damned if they didn’t ‘do just what she said-he worked his prick around in the mouth of my cunt till I was almost coming again and then, when he’d gotten it thoroughly soaked in my pussy drip, he jerked it out and started fucking himself with his fist! Amy leaned right in there and I guess she got her lips over the head of his dick. I couldn’t see because her head was in the way. I could see, though, that she was doing it to herself again with her hand. Finally he let out ‘a groan and started to come.

“Suck! Suck that come out of my cock!” he told her. “Eat my prick! Drain my balls! I’ll fill you full of come!”

“She didn’t say – anything, of course. How could she, with a mouthful of hard, spewing – prick? I could – tell that she was digging though, and her, hand was really working on her pussy. She groaned out loud and I guess she started to come too while she was eating him. It sure looked and sounded that way. Damn, that was sexy! Lying there with him still between my legs and my pussy jumping around till I thought it might fall right off, and her sucking him like mad while she was fingering her own box!, All of it together was just too much!.

“They’d only started, though.’ He’s a horny bastard and when he wants to he can go on for hours and hours. She’s the same way I think they could play flick and suck for-hours or days at a time. When she took her mouth off his cock, I could see a little dribble of his come edge down from the corner of her- mouth. He’d really shot a load into her. His prick was still as hard as a rock and I just knew that they were going to have some interesting ideas to try -with me.

“I sure wasn't wrong about that! It seemed as though that first come just whetted their appetites all the more and they really got started in on me. Amy called the shots. She seemed to have a thing about wanting to see him doing all kinds of- things to me. She had him lie on his back and then had me get over him so l could rub the lips of my pussy all over his balls, up and down the stem of his cock and just everywhere. That was real good and it made me horny all over again. Then she had me put- my legs together with his prick between them, so it stuck out between the cheeks of my ass, and that was even better.

It seemed to me that this was almost like flicking, except that he

wasn't in me, of course, but I really liked lying next to him and feeling his body pressed up tight against mine.

"'I'm crazy about this," I said. "I just wish there were some way I could do this and have you in my mouth. I'd like to feel you inside me, shooting come thick and strong!"

"There's a way you can have that feeling," she said, giving me a big grin and patting me on the rump. "It's every bit as good as a real fuck in the cunt and you don't have to worry about getting pregnant or losing your cherry or anything like that. You can let him fuck you in the ass!"

"Wow! What a crazy idea! It literally took my breath away, it was so far out.

As soon as I heard it I knew I had to try it. But taking that cock of his up my ass? I'd never tried putting anything in my rear but I had an idea that it was pretty tight. Amy could see that I was a little worried and she told me that it was perfectly all right, that lots' of women did it that way all the time and that it would be great.

"In fact, I'll show you that it can be done," she said, rolling over onto her back and spreading her legs out wide. Would you be a dear, Terri, and put his cock in my cunt? We'll get him greased up good and then you can guide him into my ass. That'll be a groove. You'll dig it."

Of course I did just what she said. Man that was something else. Getting hold of his rod and holding it so it went in between the lips of her pussy! She let out a long, low sigh when he rammed it home, the sort of sound that really lets you know she's enjoying it. And then he worked it back and forth a little just to get it real juicy. When he pulled it out I just had to reach in and taste it. Once I'd seen her do it to him that way l was wild to try it, and so l did.

They didn't mind. In fact, they sort of liked it, even if I did have to put him back into her cunt after I'd licked him clean. That was great, going down on him while he was fresh from her cunt, hot and wet with that juice she turned out! And the next time he pulled it out I was ready to move it down. She swung her legs way up high till she – had her ankles on his shoulder. That brought her butt right up level with his prick almost and I just aimed that rod straight into her brownie. Her asshole didn't look any looser than mine but I guess they'd used it enough to loosen it up because he went into her just like a hot knife into butter! "Once they'd convinced me that they were serious about my getting flicked in the ass I was really ready for it. Amy showed me how to do it, how to lie in the way that would let him get in easiest and then she aimed it into him herself. She greased him up with some kind of goo from a little tube in her bedside table. She told me that I mustn't ever let a guy switch his cock from my ass, or anyone else's, to my cunt because that's a good way to get an itchy,

drippy cunt. And then he just leaned on me. Man, I was sure he'd ruined me when I felt his cock stretch my asshole and then plow into me. It felt as though he'd just ripped me apart and I let out a howl that told them plenty about how I was feeling.

"Just relax," Amy told me. "He hasn't hurt you in any way. The discomfort will soon pass and you'll be wanting him to drive that prick all the way home!

Concentrate on relaxing your rear."

"'My God she's sight!" he grunted. "But she's taking it. She was born for this kind of action!"

"I guess he was right – because it wasn't any time till I'd forgotten.all about the way my ass was hurting. All I could think of was that. I was getting fucked. This wonderful man was giving me all of his lovely, wonderful prick.

And I wanted every inch of it, all the way inside my body! I locked my feet together, around his back, and then he started working it into my ass. God, every stroke was like heaven to me! I could feel every bump, every wrinkle on his prick and that big, flaring rim around the head drove me nuts when he worked- it in and out. Of course I was coming like crazy. I never couldn't have held it back if the whole world had been looking on! I just laid there and took it, coming up a storm and my cunt pouring out the come juice and then finally he drew back and really rammed the prick to me.

"Agghh! Oohh!" he groaned.

"I knew he was coming, or getting ready to. His balls were hanging down against my rump and I'll swear I felt them twitch and then start jumping when the come started shooting out his dick. It was the most incredibly exciting thing I'd ever felt in all my life. And Amy? She was finger fucking herself again! Yeah, – she just stretched out there beside me and had herself a flicking ball! I was coming all over till I couldn't see clearly. He was shooting come so far up my ass I thought it would come out my mouth. And she was jamming her fingers deep into her cunt and making it like a fox. Man, that was something to see, I'll bet! Everybody was making it all at the same time and we were just going out of our heads.

"By the time he pulled his cock out of me we were all pretty satisfied, at least for the moment, and Amy suggested that we take him into the shower and wash his cock off. What a way to take a bath, all, three of us in there together!

She and I took turns lathering up that tool of his and you can be sure it wasn't too long before the damned thing had risen up again. It was the first time I'd ever really felt a man get hard, or seen it happen, and I just felt great that I could help turn a little, insignificant thing like his soft prick into a flicking machine.

“You think this is something? You ought to let him go down inside you,” Amy told me when I mentioned how groovy it was. “And then feel him get hard when he’s in your cunt or your mouth!”

“‘OR in your ass?” I asked.

“‘Yea, in there, too,” she said. “All of those things are nice. “We went back into the bedroom after we’d dried him off, but then we decided that fucking could wait a little while. They wanted to have a bite of lunch and when they mentioned food I found that I was hungry too. We had sandwiches and they told me some stories about parties they’d been to, where groups of people all got together and just fucked, sucked, or did anything they wanted to, until none of them wanted it any more. I’m not sure I could really go for that-though if someone had asked earlier I’d have said that I wouldn’t do any of the things I had already done with that, pair! I don’t know what I’d do if I were put into a group like the ones they talked about-probably jump right in and fuck and suck and carry on like everyone else, I guess. When I get that burning, itching feeling in my cunt, that feeling that just screams out ‘Fuck Me!” to my whole body, I sort of lose control of everything.

“‘What would you’ like to do now?” Amy asked me when we’d finished our sandwiches.

‘Anything in the sex line, just name it and it’s yours. You can’t think of a single style of balling that we don’t adore!”

“It might sound a little childish,” I said after I’d thought about it for a minute, ‘but I’d like to see you two have a plain, old-fashioned fuck! You know, with his prick in your cunt and him on top of you, just like most people do it. I’ve never seen a couple going at it and I’d like to find out what it looks like.”

“You must be a mind reader,” she told me.

‘You, know, we spend a lot of time doing really weird things with each other, or with other people, and we’ve been doing them since we first met each other.

But after eleven years of marriage and I don’t know how much experience, we’ve decided that for day in, day, out pleasure you just can’t beat a good, missionary style flicking session. All the other stuff is great but we always go back to the old reliable!”

“I might not be able to come right away,” Mr. Harvey told me, ‘but I know that we can sure show you what it looks like!”

“I won’t have any trouble coming,” Amy said as she led the way into the bedroom. “Just looking at Terri’s tits and remembering the way she howled when you plowed that cock up her ass is enough to get me boiling hot!”

“She wasn’t putting us on a bit when she said that. She hopped right onto the bed and opened her legs and he was on her right away.

His cock wasn't really hard but she managed to get it shoved into place. She said that there wasn't anything like a hot, juicy pussy to get a man's prick stiffened up and I guess she was' right because it wasn't any time until -he was really pumping her.

They spent a long time showing me all the ways a man – and a woman can ball with him on her. She showed me how you can move your legs up and down to let him get deeper in you, or to keep him out, if you don't want him in all the way. When she had her legs way up high, around his shoulders, I got a real good look at the way his rod slipped in and out of her pussy. That was a real blast, believe me! "After a while, though, she started feeling it and then she settled down to enjoy her fuck. She egged him on by talking dirty, telling him just bow her cunt felt when he shoved the prick in deep, and it started getting to me too. I was so turned on I just had to-join in and so I lay back and started rubbing my ditty. I brought myself off while they-finished it. He never did come, not while he was in her, though he made her come at least twice and I got one beautiful one myself.

"I want to stick it up Terri's ass again," he said after he'd flicked Amy into a limp state. "I know I can pop my nuts if I can just get my prick up her ass!"

"Do it to me!" I said. "I'd love to feel you do it again!"

"This time we did it doggie style. You know, I got on my hands and knees and he got behind me so he could stick it in from the rear. I was pretty far down on the bed and I had a real good view of Amy's cunt while he was doing it to me.

She was giving herself a rub, though not enough to get anything really serious going. He got into me real good and then he reached around with both hands so he could handle my boobs and rub my clit while he was humping his prick up my ass. Lord, I just had a ball kneeling there and feeling him work! And when he came, that really did it for me. I let out a yell that would have raised the dead and then I just dissolved into a big climax! It was all over me and lasted forever, it seemed- like, until finally I just fell forward and lay there.

"After that none of us had any more sex left. I stayed a little longer and then I got dressed and walked home. My ass was plenty sore for a couple of days but who could mind a little thing like a sore rear? Man, they'd convinced me! I'd have done anything in the world to get asked back for some more' of that good stuff. I guess they liked it as much as I did. They got in the habit of having me over regularly and I suppose we averaged better than once a week. I mean, I was there at least once every week and sometimes more if we could arrange it.

"They wanted to bring in some more people, especially after I became used to it, but I wouldn't play that game. I just wanted the

two of them and me, no more, and they accepted it. Amy and I would take turns with him, each of us doing our thing until we'd worn him down and he couldn't get another stiff despite everything we could think of to bring him back up. My favorite was always getting that big tool of his in my ass. I guess I'm hooked on that for life! There's sure nothing like it that I know of," though I still haven't tried letting a guy into my cunt yet. Yes, Madge still checks my pussy from time to time and I've still got my cherry, though sometimes I think I'll break it myself with a tampon just to be rid of the damned thing. But then I ask myself: why go to that much trouble and raise a lot of fuss in the family, when I'm getting so much pleasure just by letting him fuck me in the ass? I don't see that it's worth all -the trouble, to be honest about it!"

It seems abundantly clear from her case history that Terri's venture into anal sexuality has been a rewarding one for her. Though she would not 'put the feeling into words, it is plain that she derived additional pleasure from copulating with Mr. Harvey in his wife's presence and in cooperating with her in satisfying his throng sex urges. This pleasure, we believe, is derived from a subconscious interest in homosexual relations. While Terri would not admit the possibility, even to herself, her enjoyment of having sex with the husband while the wife was present strongly hints at latent homosexual capacities.

Terri was still engaged in this realistic love affair at the time she dictated her case history. No evidence of mental or physical reactions to that affair was noticed in her. We cannot help believing that this unusual affair will, if persisted in, have a strong effect upon her later emotional development; perhaps effects that will lead to serious emotional difficulties in her later life. The nature of those problems, of course, cannot be predicted, but it seems certain that she is taking a very great risk in continuing this affair.

CONCLUSION

There are many avenues leading to anal sexuality as a culmination of the human sex drive and the preceding pages have attempted to describe some of them. The evidence presented in the case histories selected for this volume should be enough to convince the reader of the truth of Dr. Frank Caprio's statement that "there is no single theory that completely explains the cause of this aberration." (Caprio, Variations in Sexual Behavior, p. 91.) While each of the subjects investigated in this volume preferred the same way of satisfying their sex drives, each had his or her own reason for the choice and there seems to be no satisfactory explanation which would hold for every case.

There can be little doubt that each of the subjects of these case histories reached a real and satisfying level of emotional excitement through anal sex.

Their experience was out the contention of one writer, who noted that "the anus is particularly significant in sexual responses because the anal and genital, areas share some muscles in common, and the activity of either area may bring the other area into action. Stimulation of the genitalia, both in the female and the male may cause anal constrictions. Gynecologists frequently observe that stimulation of the clitoris or of the areas about the clitoris, and the urethralmeatus may cause contractions of the anus, the hymeneal ring, and the vaginal and perineal muscles. As rhythmic muscular movements develop during sexual responses, and particularly in the spasms that follow orgasm, the anal sphincter may rhythmically open and close. The incentives for anal insertions of various sorts and for anal intercourse lie partly in the significance of these rhythmic responses of the anal sphincters." (Kinsey, Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, pp. 585-586.) In many cases the reality of the pleasure received through stimulation of the anus is too marked to be overlooked. Thus there are a number of individuals who have chosen to capitalize upon the inherent erotic potential of the anus and who sometimes prefer to concentrate all or most of their attention to that part of the body.

This preference continues to be expressed notwithstanding the legal restrictions against such acts. While statutes, especially those implementing the morality of what is possibly a dying age, might be criticized from a medical or psychological standpoint and shown to be thoroughly indefensible on those grounds, they are still laws. The fact that they remain in our legal codes, suggest that society in general still looks down upon anal sexuality and is willing to mete out severe

punishments to those who choose to explore these unorthodox avenues of sexual expression. We doubt that the evidence presented here will do much to persuade the majority of people to reverse their stand on anal sexuality, though the case in favor of that type of sexual expression seems strong. No society changes its basic morality rapidly and, in every case that we know anything about, a society's sexual ethos is strongly permeated with moral assumptions which may or may not have a scientific basis.

Violation of moral -laws, many of which turn upon sexual acts, is widely supposed to breed its own peculiar retribution. This is no new idea; many a Greek dramatist built enduring literature out of just such a situation. One might well ask: what are the consequences of anal sexuality? Our considered conclusion, based upon the evidence presented here and available elsewhere, is that anal sexual intercourse appears to be no more debilitating to either partner than vaginal intercourse, provided it is used moderately and sensibly.

If there is a danger in anal sexuality, it is mostly a psychological one. That is to say, the individual who submits to anal intercourse may be so overwhelmed with guilt that he will react strongly and develop psychological damage. In many cases the individual who does something which he or she knows is wrong will develop a kind of self-punishment to fit the occasion. But, it would be rash indeed to say that the act of anal intercourse, 'rather than the guilty conscience following the act, was primarily responsible for the consequences.

Another conclusion which we must stress is drawn from the subject's early sexual experiences. These experiences need not be overtly sexual; all that is necessary is for the child to associate an experience with sexuality. The case history of Judy, given in Chapter 3 provides us with a perfect example of this truism. Many people would not link defecation with sexuality, and indeed there is no necessary connection between the two acts, but Judy's mother helped the young girl make such an association. As we saw in the girl's case history, that association was to prove to be very crucial when the girl later came around to expressing her inner sexual desires. These associations need not be logical or apparent to the outside observer. It is enough for them to be made and, then they continue to exert a powerful shaping force upon the subject.

Perhaps we are not all "prisoners of sex," as Norman Mailer has phrased it, but it seems quite clear that his terminology would apply to some of us. Certain of the cases noted here exemplify that phrase perfectly, so much so that one often has the impression of human beings who are shaped and guided willy-nitty by uncontrollable inner drives of a surpassing power and complexity. It is easy for a superficial, disinterested observer to scoff at the people depicted here,

to label them as “weak degenerates,” but in most cases they appeared to have had little real choice about the way in which their lives developed. If, as certain recent research would lead us to suspect, we are all condemned to live out our lives within the perimeters determined by a few molecules of DNA-perimeters which were forced upon us before – we were conscious beings-then it would seem to be useless to speak of punishment and reward where such vital choices are concerned. Indeed, it is perhaps illogical even to speak of “choices.”

Our investigation of anal sexuality has not been undertaken with an eye toward settling such weighty issues as “free-will versus determinism?” Our principal concern has been, first, to describe certain cases as fully as space permits and, second, to bring to bear as much current medical and psychological knowledge as may help us to understand these cases. The philosophically minded reader may wish to pursue the matter further and draw his own conclusions.

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